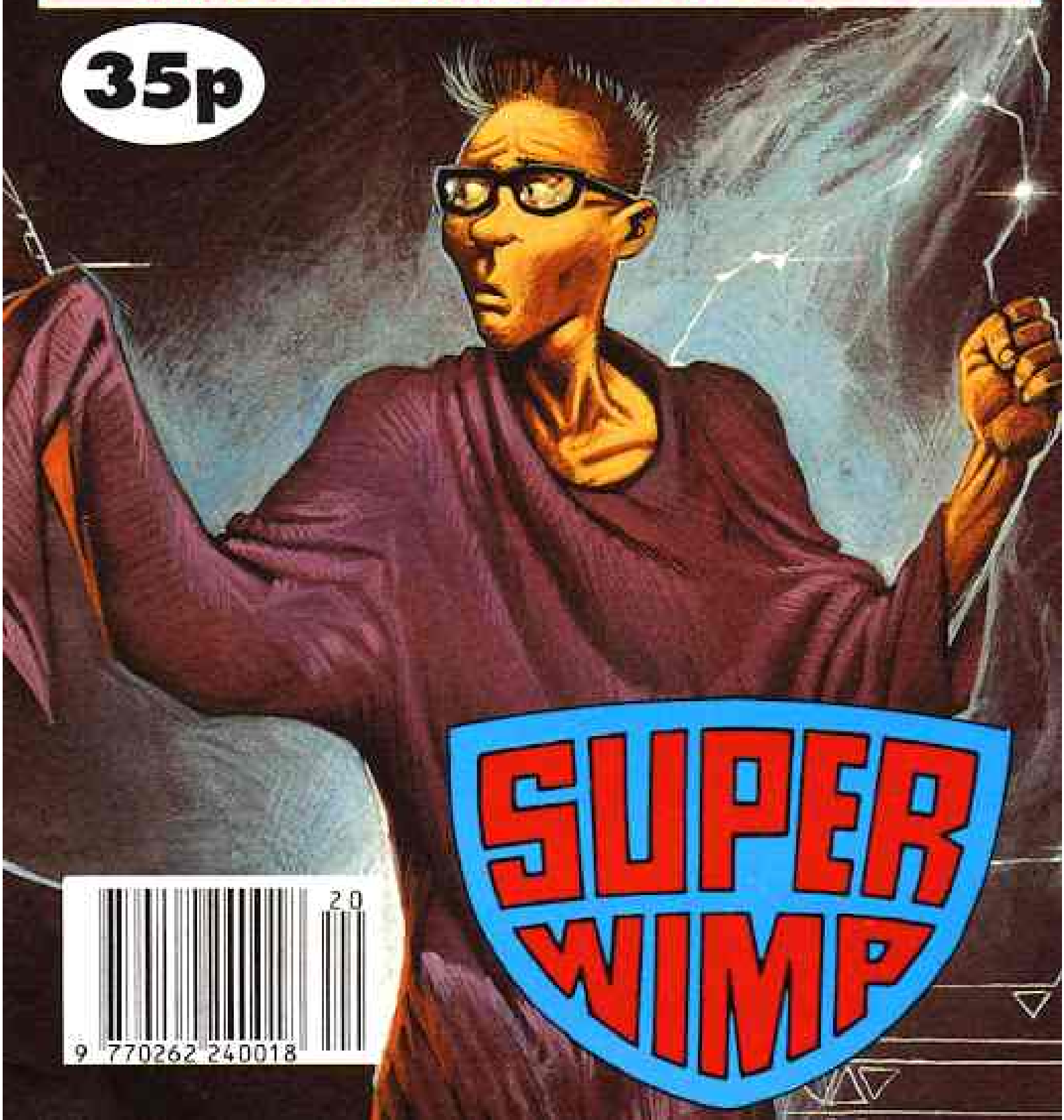
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 275

35p



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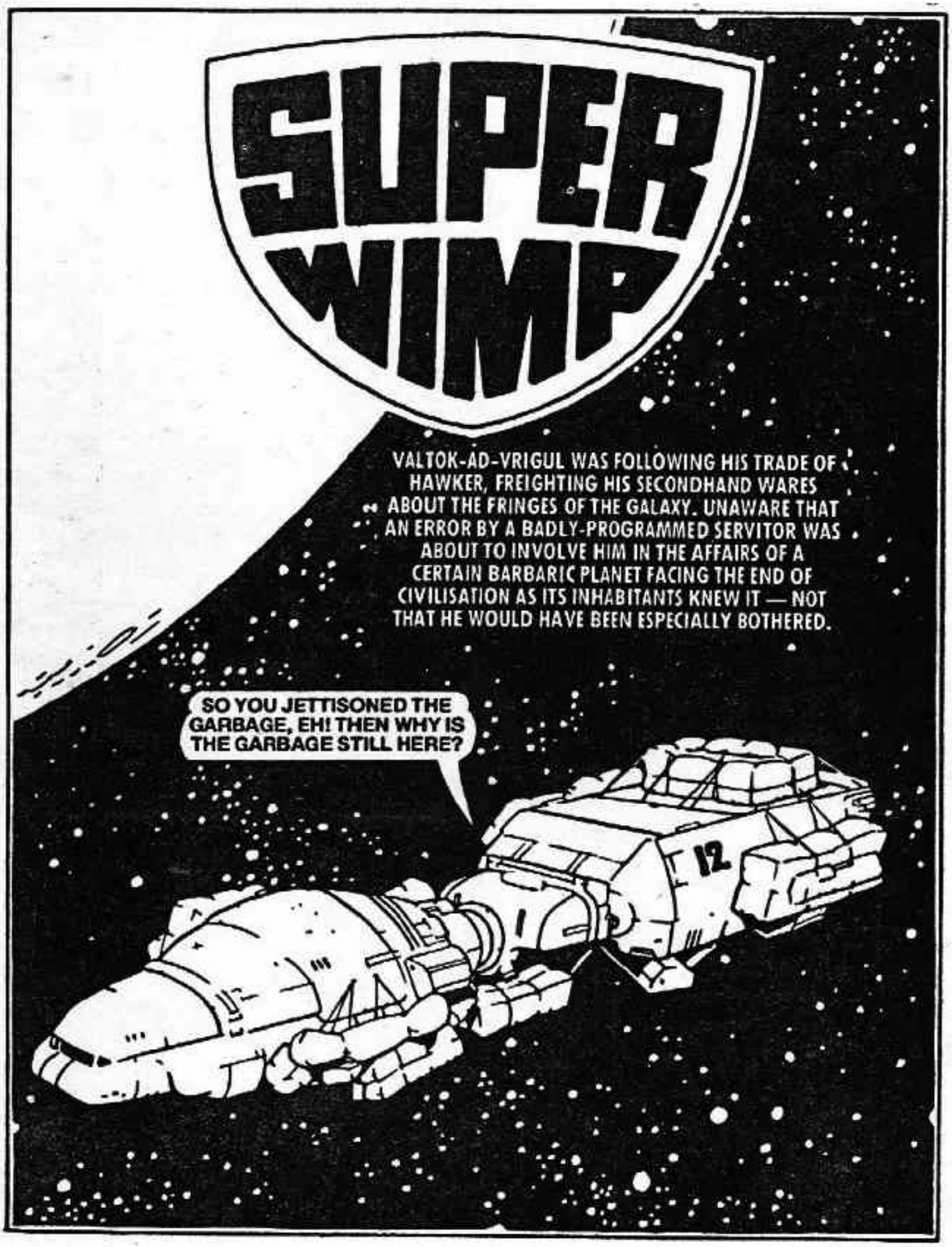
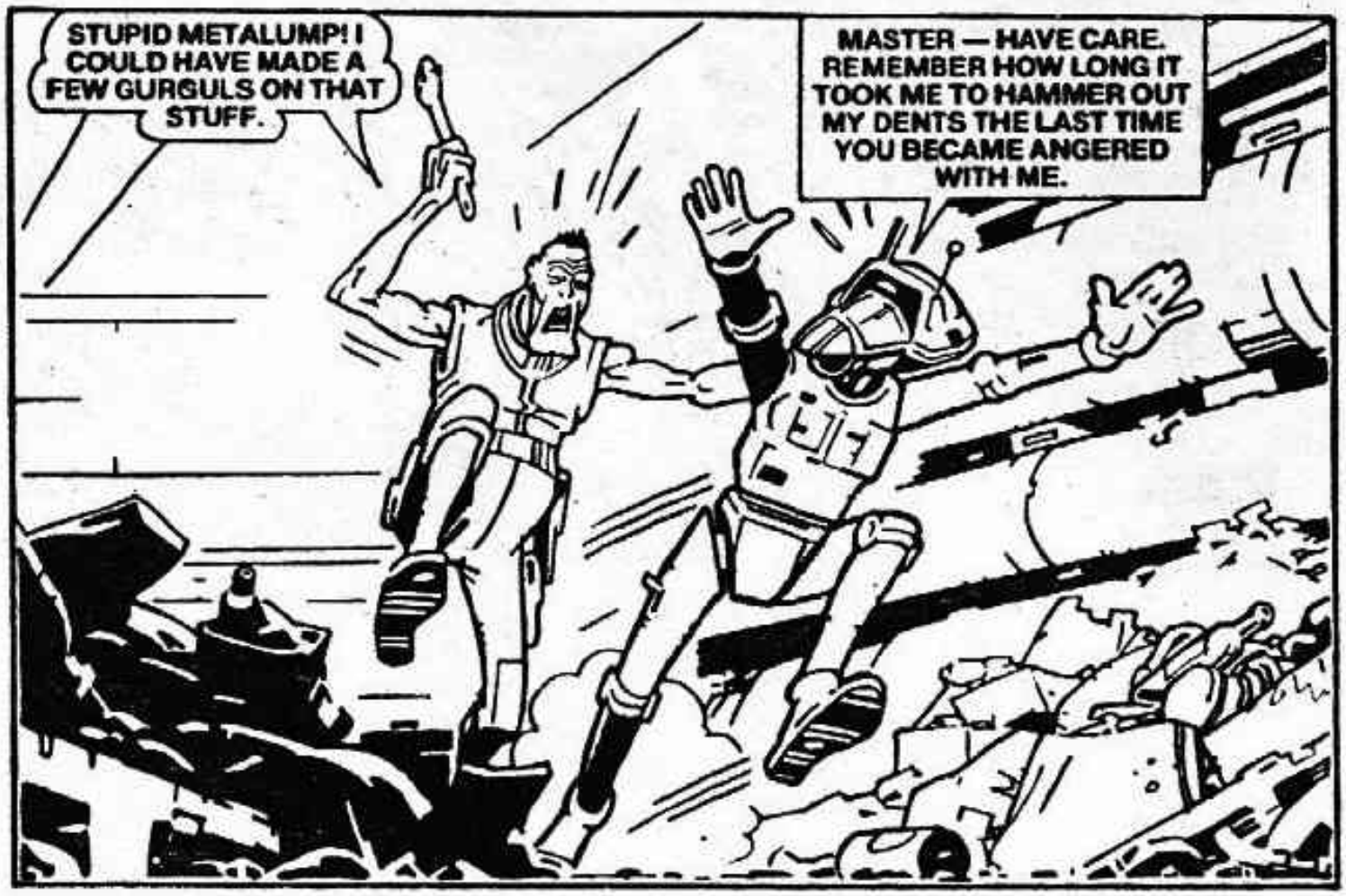
DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE

NOW ON SALE

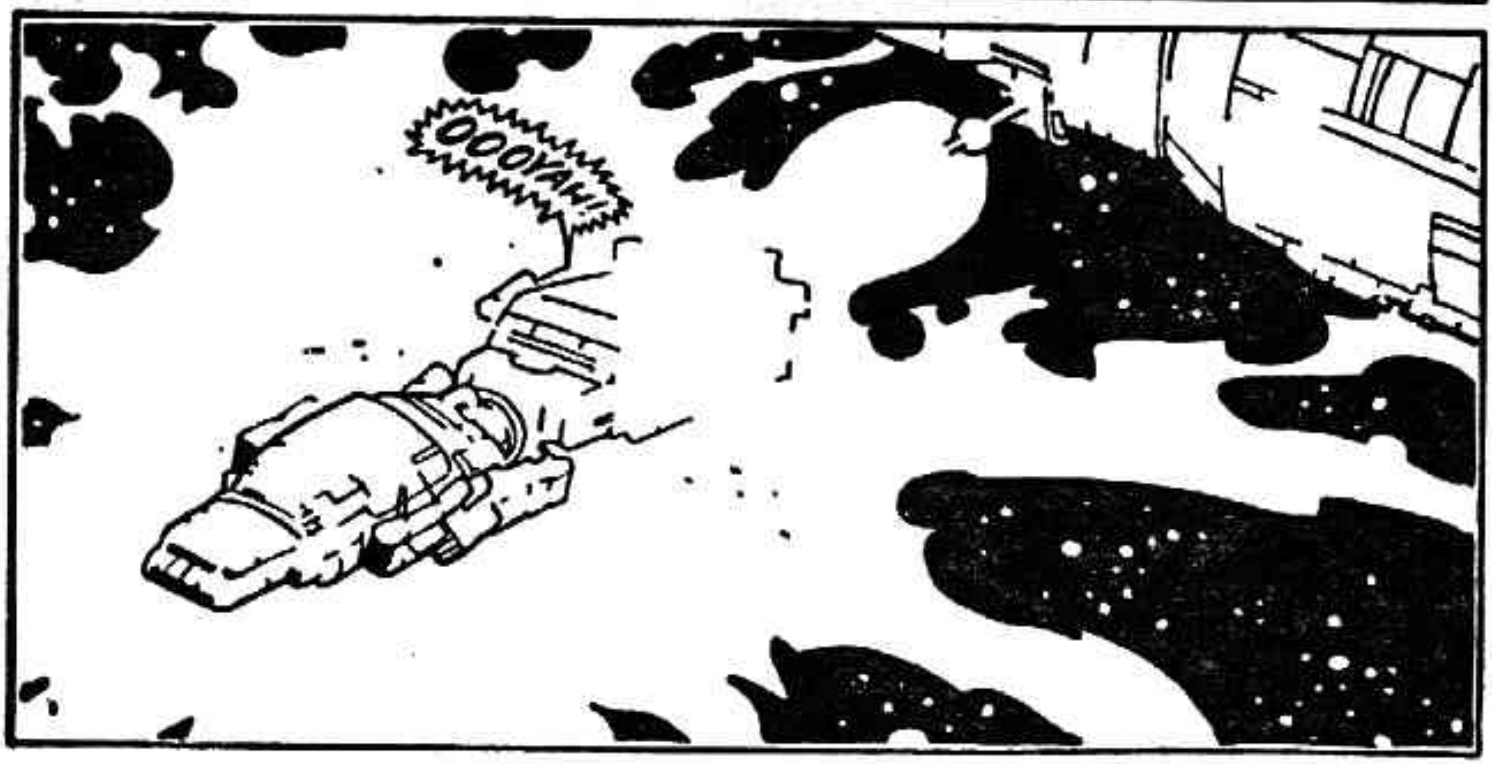

SUPER WIMP
VALTOK-AD-VRIGUL WAS FOLLOWING HIS TRADE OF HAWKER, FREIGHTING HIS SECONDHAND WARES ABOUT THE FRINGES OF THE GALAXY. UNAWARE THAT AN ERROR BY A BADLY-PROGRAMMED SERVITOR WAS ABOUT TO INVOLVE HIM IN THE AFFAIRS OF A CERTAIN BARBARIC PLANET FACING THE END OF CIVILISATION AS ITS INHABITANTS KNEW IT — NOT THAT HE WOULD HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY BOTHERED.
SO YOU JETTISONED THE GARBAGE, EH! THEN WHY IS THE GARBAGE STILL HERE?
12

THERE IT IS. YOU THREW OUT THAT STUFF I PICKED UP AT THE FIRE SALE OF THAT EXPLODED PLANET KRUMDUM OR KORGWAD — OH, SOME NAME BEGINNING WITH K.
MASTER, IT LOOKED LIKE GARBAGE.


STUPID METALUMP! I COULD HAVE MADE A FEW GURGULS ON THAT STUFF.
MASTER — HAVE CARE. REMEMBER HOW LONG IT TOOK ME TO HAMMER OUT MY DENTS THE LAST TIME YOU BECAME ANGERED WITH ME.

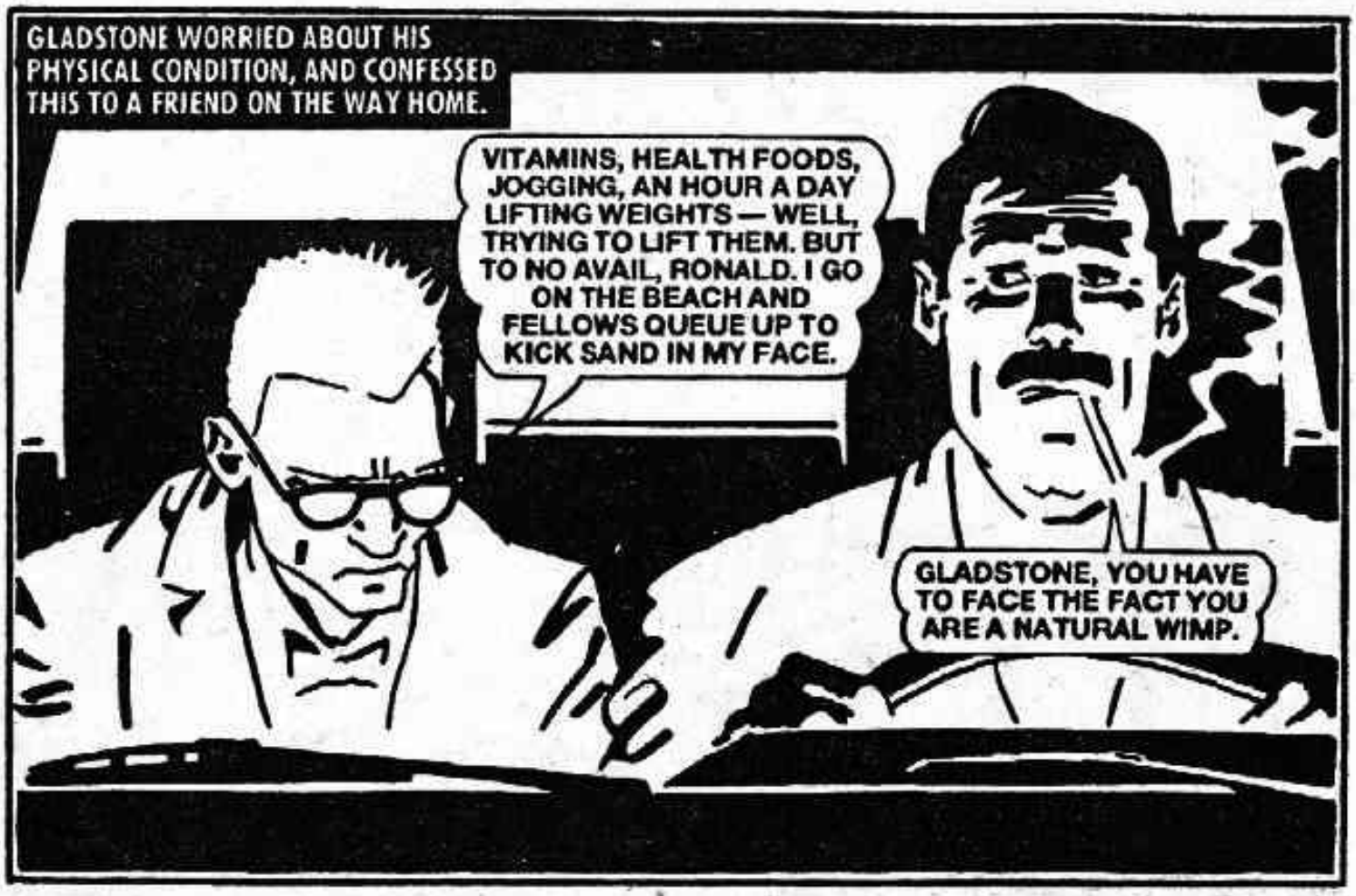
VALTOK WAS INTERRUPTED BY A SEVERE SHUDDER—
ATTENTION! YOU ARE BLOCKING THE HYPERFLIGHT PATH OF A SUPERIOR BEING.
SPACEHOG! MUST THINK HE'S ROYALTY JUST BECAUSE HE HAS A PLUSH STARSKIMMER.
MASTER, HE IS ROYALTY ACCORDING TO THE VESSEL'S MARKINGS — THE HOUSE OF FLOOTCH OF THE MATAR EMPIRE.

LORD FZOD FLOOTCH WAS ON A TOUR OF HIS OUTLYING PROPERTY.
I GOT JUST AS MUCH RIGHT TO THE STARWAYS AS ANY ROYAL LAYABOUT.
CAPTAIN, KINDLY GIVE THE ISOLENT FELLOW ANOTHER SWAT.


OOOYAH!

THIS INCIDENT TOOK PLACE A MERE HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS FROM AN UNIMPORTANT PLANET ON WHICH GLADSTONE G. MACNEIL, MILD-MANNERED BANK CLERK, WAS STRUGGLING WITH ONE OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS.
NO, GLADSTONE. DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF!

THANK YOU, ROSINA. YOU ARE SO GOOD TO ME, ROSINA.
TSSSST!


GLADSTONE WORRIED ABOUT HIS PHYSICAL CONDITION, AND CONFESSED THIS TO A FRIEND ON THE WAY HOME.
VITAMINS, HEALTH FOODS, JOGGING, AN HOUR A DAY LIFTING WEIGHTS — WELL, TRYING TO LIFT THEM. BUT TO NO AVAIL, RONALD. I GO ON THE BEACH AND FELLOWS QUEUE UP TO KICK SAND IN MY FACE.
GLADSTONE, YOU HAVE TO FACE THE FACT YOU ARE A NATURAL WIMP.

A FALLING STAR, RONALD. THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SIGN OF LUCK.

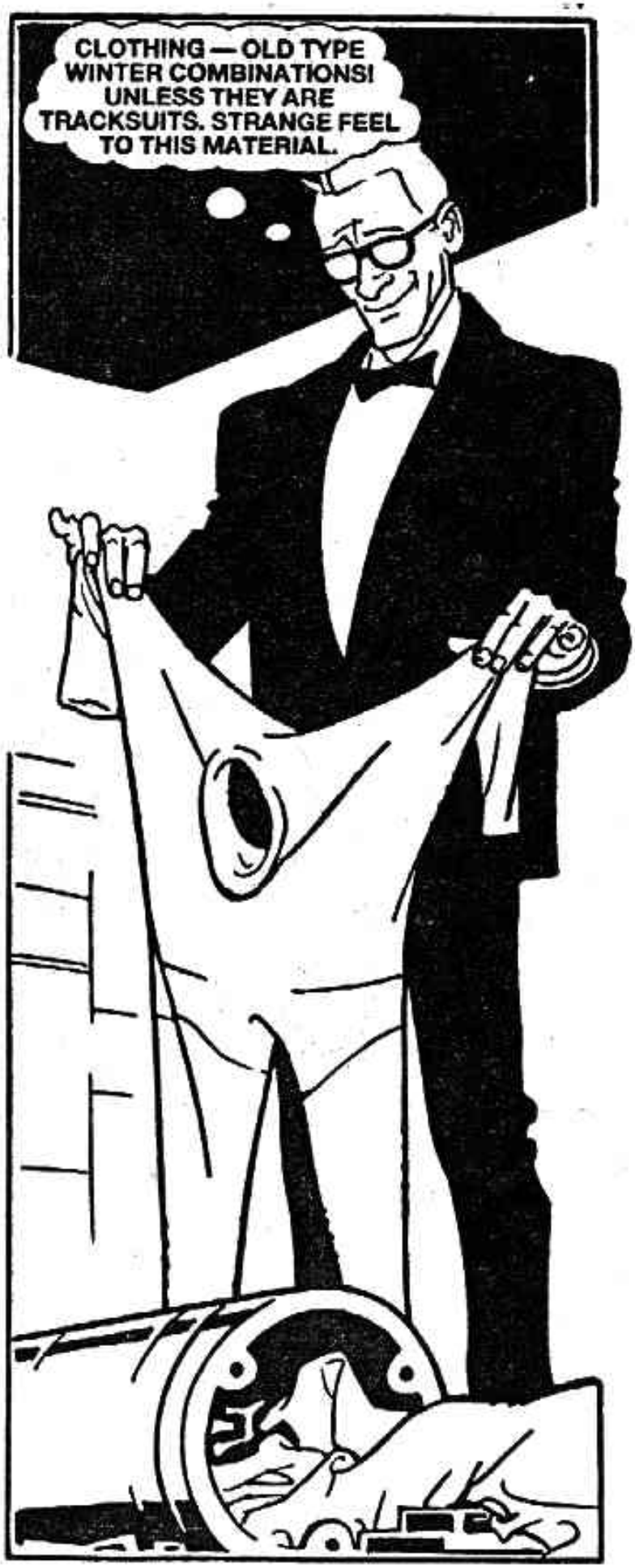
HOME FOR GLADSTONE WAS A TOP FLOOR RENTED FROM THE O'FLAHERTY FAMILY.
THOUGHT YOU WAS IN ALREADY. HEARD A BANGING UPSTAIRS A LITTLE WHILE BACK. HOPE YOU AIN'T TOOK IN ANOTHER CAT.
OH NO, SIR. I WOULDN'T WANT TO GIVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF THROWING IT INTO THE RIVER.

COARSE OAF! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND.

WHAT THE— AHHH!

GLADSTONE MADE A DISTURBING DISCOVERY.
A HOLE IN THE CEILING. I CAN SEE THE SKY. HOW — WHY — AH, OF COURSE, THAT FALLING STAR WAS A FALLING SOMETHING ELSE. OH, GRACIOUS, WHAT IS O'FLAHERTY GOING TO SAY?
NO, THIS IS NO METEORITE. IT'S NOT HOT AS IT WOULD BE AFTER PLUNGING THROUGH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE FALLEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.
AH! IT'S MOVING.

SEVERAL TENSE MINUTES TICKED AWAY.
IT'S STILL AGAIN — AND OPEN. SOME KIND OF CONTAINER. MY TOUCH MUST HAVE TRIGGERED A LOCK.


CLOTHING — OLD TYPE WINTER COMBINATIONS! UNLESS THEY ARE TRACKSUITS. STRANGE FEEL TO THIS MATERIAL.

GLADSTONE TRIED A FITTING.
TOO BIG FOR ME. WONDER IF THERE'S A SMALLER SIZE AMONG THEM. COOL AND COMFORTABLE — URG, I'M GETTING A STRANGE FEELING.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AHHHHHHHHHH!

WHY EVER DID I THINK THIS ATTIRE WOULD NOT FIT ME. AH, I FEEL SO GOOD.
HOW EASILY I HANDLE THESE WEIGHTS. WAS IT ONLY YESTERDAY I STRUGGLED TO LIFT JUST FIFTY POUNDS?

THOSE VITAMINS ARE AT LAST PAYING OFF. EVEN MY VISION IS IMPROVED.

WHAT'S GOING ON? HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER CAT IN THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
MR O'FLAHERTY.
FANCY PADDED TRACKSUIT, EH. THAT'S CUTE. HEY! A HOLE IN MY CEILING!
MR O'FLAHERTY, I ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT OF MY DOING.
MR O'FLAHERTY ATTEMPTED ENTRY.
OUTA MY WAY — *ARGH!* HEY, YOU GOT CONCRETE OR SOMETHING IN THIS PADDING?
SIR, YOU SHOULD NOT ATTEMPT ENTRY WHERE YOU HAVE NOT BEEN INVITED.

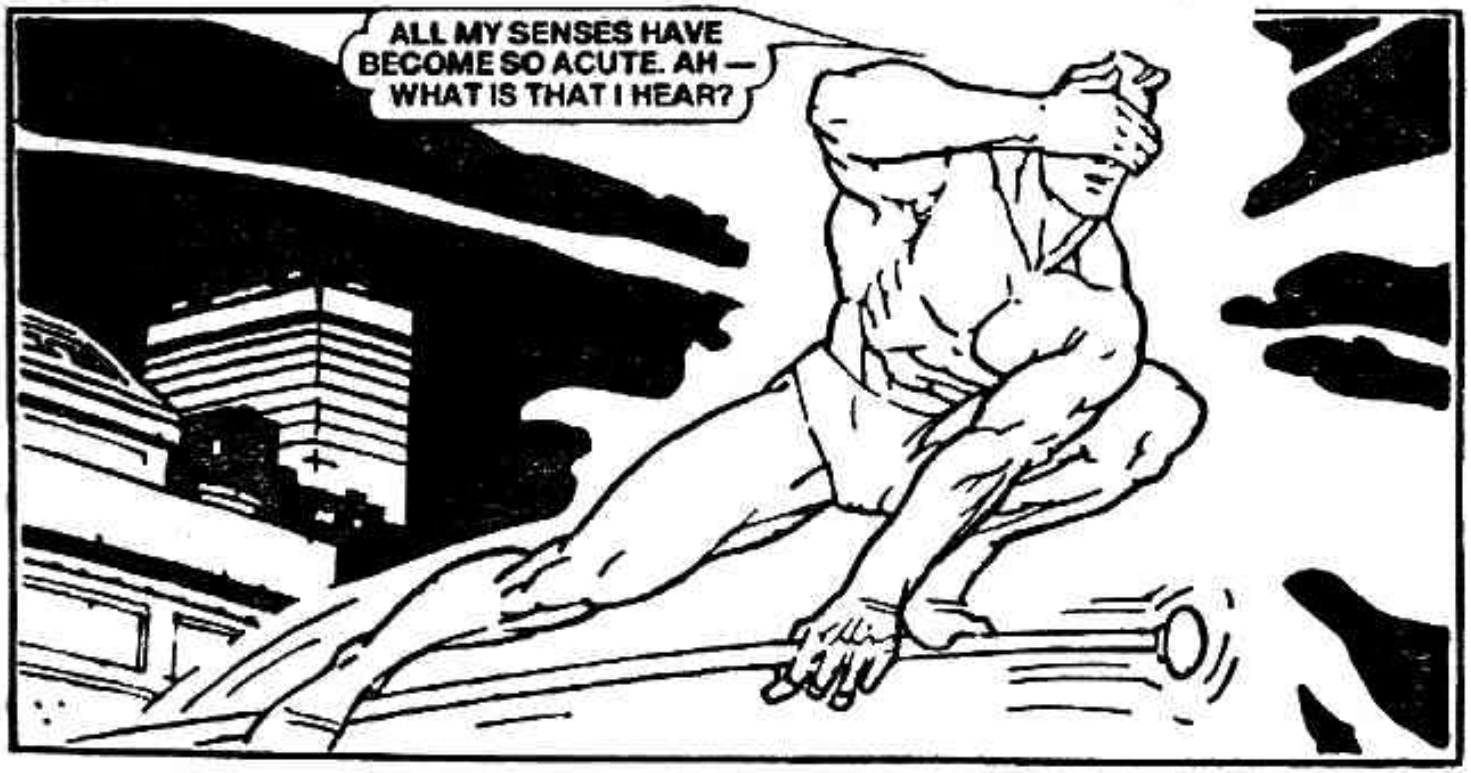
SO GOODNIGHT TO YOU MR O'FLAHERTY.

THE USUAL BEANS ON TOAST — OH NO. THIS SUDDEN WELL-BEING GIVES ME THE URGE TO BE ACTIVE.

GLADSTONE DECIDED TO JOG.
MR O'FLAHERTY, YOU WILL CATCH COLD IF YOU LIE ABOUT IN DRAUGHTS.
URRRRH!

TO RUN IS NOT ENOUGH. I FEEL I SHOULD SHAKE FREE OF EARTHLY SHACKLES AND LEAP . . .
. . . AND EVEN FLY.
WHEEE!
ON MY WORD, I TRULY AM FLYING. THEY NEVER WARNED ME OF THIS WHEN I PURCHASED THAT LAST COURSE OF VITAMINS.

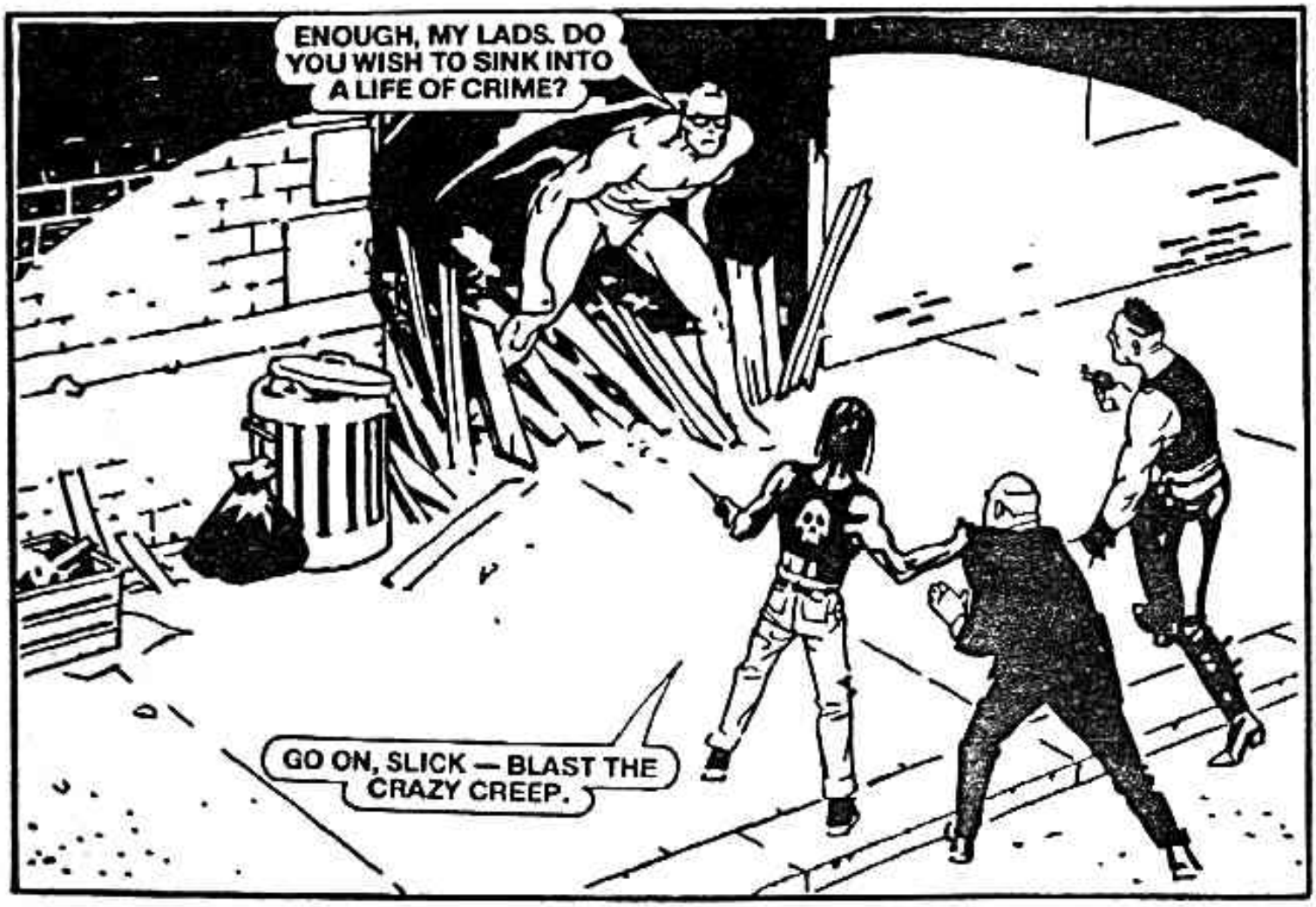
GLADSTONE DISCOVERED THAT FLIGHT HAD ITS PROBLEMS.
MUST LEARN TO CONTROL THIS TENDENCY TO SPIN.


ALL MY SENSES HAVE BECOME SO ACUTE. AH — WHAT IS THAT I HEAR?

GLADSTONE LOOKED ON VILLAINY.
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HELP TWO POOR ORPHANS WHO DON'T OWN ANYTHING EXCEPT THIS BIG GUN.

CEASE! DESIST!
HEY! LOOK OUT!

GLADSTONE OVERSHOT.


ENOUGH, MY LADS. DO YOU WISH TO SINK INTO A LIFE OF CRIME?
GO ON, SLICK — BLAST THE CRAZY CREEP.

SLICK FIRED.
BLAM
BLAM
BULLETS DO NOT HARM ME. ALL I EXPERIENCE IS A MILD TICKLING SENSATION. IT IS AS IF I HAVE BECOME INVULNERABLE.
INVULNERABLE!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE.

WRETCHED MALEFACTORS!
DONK

THE DANGER IS ENDED, GOOD SIR. YOU ARE SAFE.
SAFE! HOW CAN ANYBODY BE SAFE WITH WEIRDOS LIKE YOU FLAPPING AROUND AND BEATING UP ON POOR KIDS TRYING TO EARN A DISHONEST BUCK?

GLADSTONE LOOKED FOR A TELEPHONE.
MADAM, I HAVE AN URGENT CALL TO MAKE.
SO HAVE I. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A GENTLEMAN AND WAIT YOUR TURN.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER.
OFFICER, THIS IS A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN ADVISING WHERE YOU MAY COLLECT TWO SLIGHTLY DAMAGED CRIMINAL PERSONS.

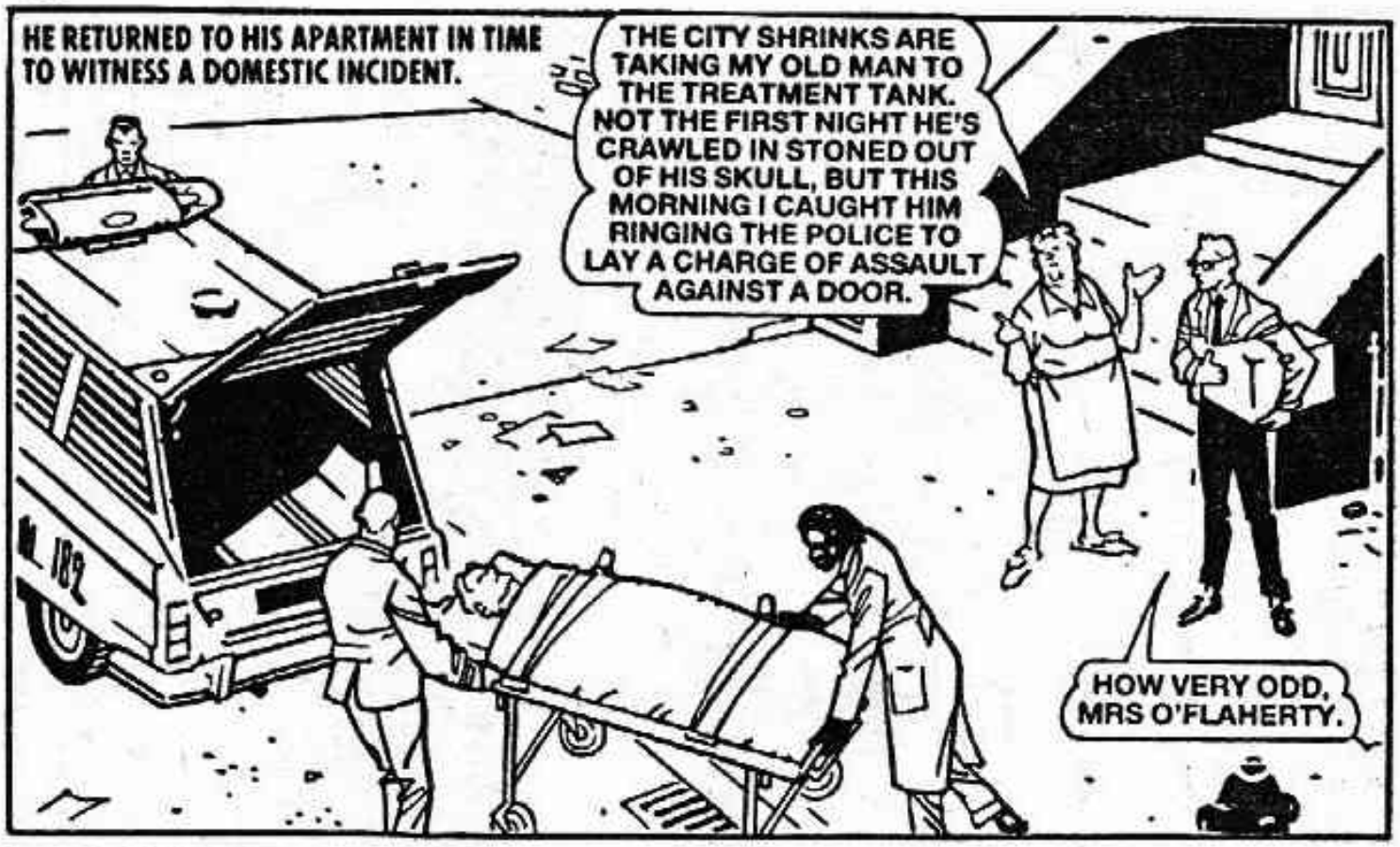
GLADSTONE TOOK AN AERIAL ROUTE HOMEWARD.
THE O'FLAHERTYS WILL BE ABED BY NOW. YET NEED I ROUSE THEM TO ADMIT ME? DO I NOT HAVE MY OWN ROOFTOP ENTRANCE?

MISSED. I REALLY MUST TRY TO IMPROVE MY LANDINGS.

MUST NOT FORGET MY VITAMIN INTAKE — AHHHH! SUDDENLY I FEEL WEAK. MY VISION DIMS.

I AM AS I WAS. MY NEW POWERS ARE GONE WITH THE TAKING OFF OF THIS GARMENT. WELL, EASY ENOUGH TO PROVE OR DISPROVE.
GLADSTONE RESUMED THE STRANGE ATTIRE.
MY POWER IS RETURNED. IT IS THE COSTUME. HOW TRUE THE OLD ADAGE THAT CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN.

MORNING CAME.
LAST NIGHT'S REPORTS OF THIS STRANGE APPARITION OVER THE CITY ARE DISMISSED BY THE AUTHORITIES AS SIGHTINGS OF A BREAKAWAY WEATHER BALLOON.
SO THEY WOULD IGNORE ME — OR RATHER MY SUPER ALTER-EGO.
OBVIOUSLY MY GREAT POWERS MUST BE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY FELLOW CITIZENS — *URGH!* STILL NO IMPROVEMENT IN MY NORMAL SELF.
GLADSTONE PAID AN EARLY VISIT TO A TAILOR FOR AN OFF-THE-PEG FITTING.
NOT WHAT WE IN THE TRADE WOULD TERM A SNUG FIT, SIR.
IT SATISIFES ME. I SHALL NEED ALSO MATCHING SHIRTS, SIZE TWENTY-TWO COLLAR.


HE RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT IN TIME TO WITNESS A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.
THE CITY SHRINKS ARE TAKING MY OLD MAN TO THE TREATMENT TANK. NOT THE FIRST NIGHT HE'S CRAWLED IN STONED OUT OF HIS SKULL, BUT THIS MORNING I CAUGHT HIM RINGING THE POLICE TO LAY A CHARGE OF ASSAULT AGAINST A DOOR.
HOW VERY ODD, MRS O'FLAHERTY.

HEY — YOU GOT HOLES IN YOUR CEILING. SAW 'EM WHEN I LOOKED IN ABOUT THE RENT.
I AM HAPPY FOR THEM TO REMAIN, MRS O'FLAHERTY. A BIG IMPROVEMENT TO THE VENTILATION.

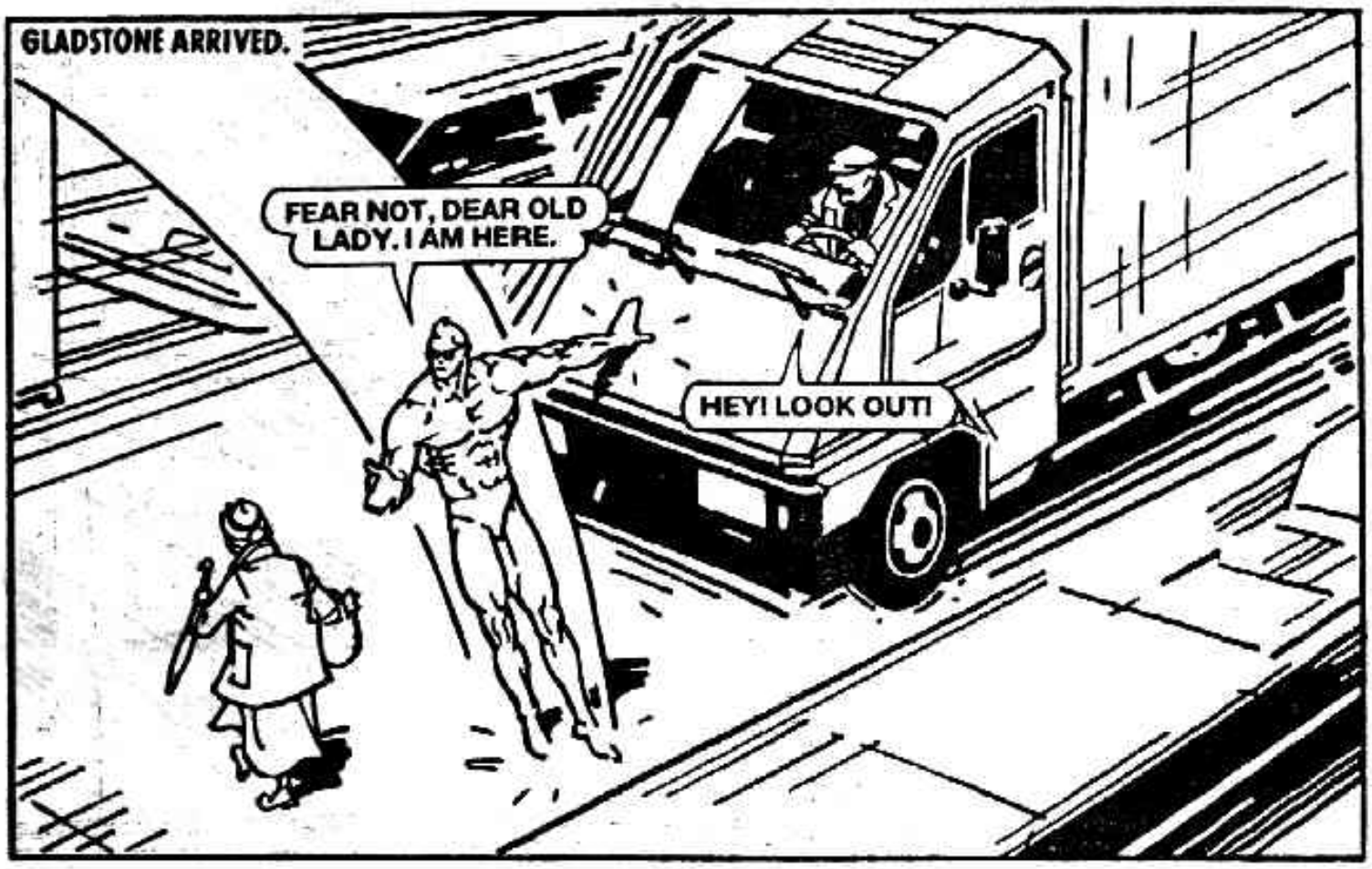
GLADSTONE CHANGED —
THIS IS BETTER. NOW I CAN MINGLE UNOBSERVED AMONG THE POPULACE.

LATER — AT WORK.
GLADSTONE, YOU LOOK SOMEHOW DIFFERENT. I DO BELIEVE YOU ARE PUTTING ON WEIGHT.
PROBABLY JUST A TRICK OF THE LIGHT, ROSINA.
IF ONLY THEY KNEW WHAT UNDERLIES THIS ASPECT OF MILD-MANNERED BANK CLERK — HULLO! WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE STREET?

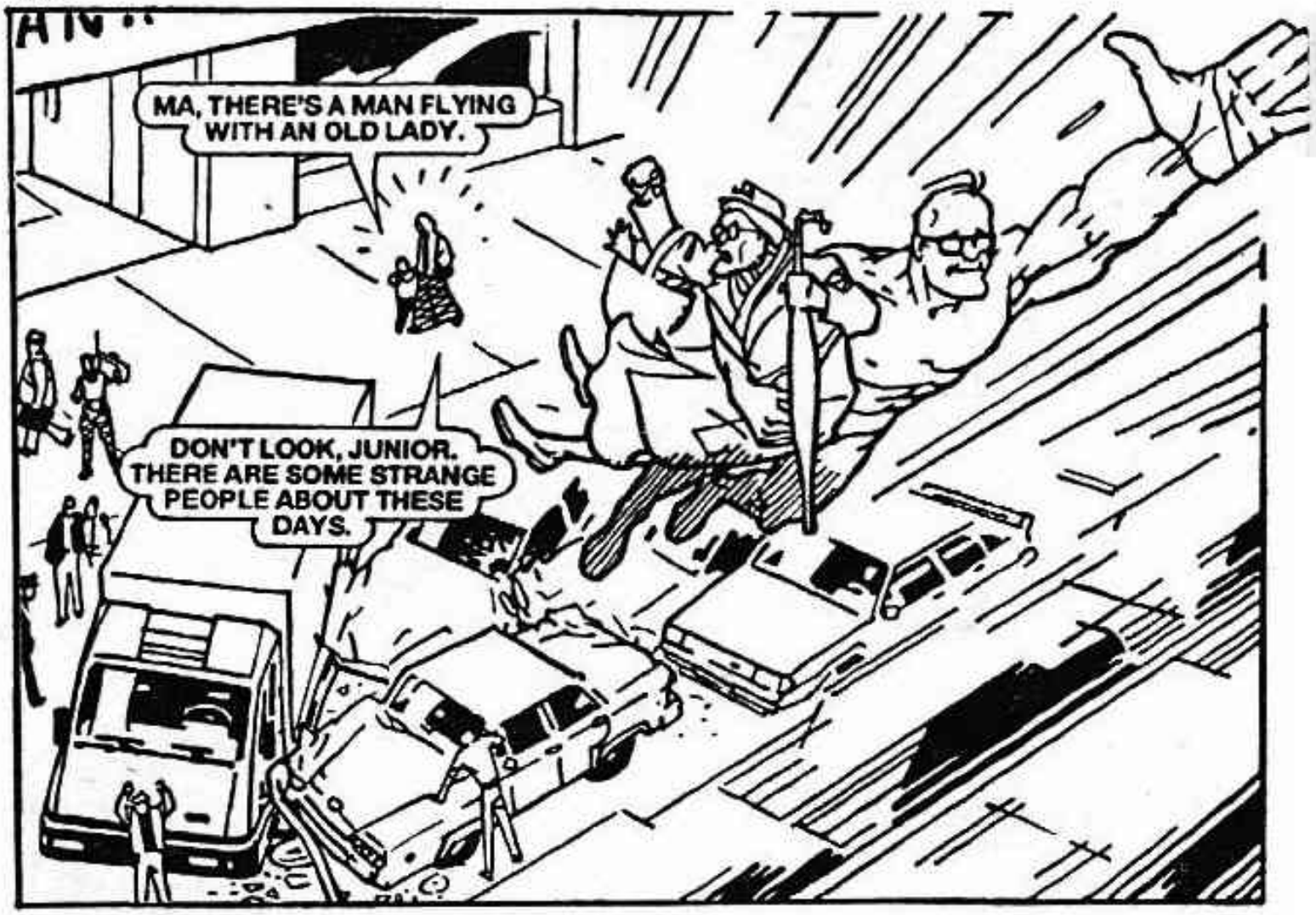
BANK
A SWEET OLD LADY CAUGHT IN TRAFFIC.

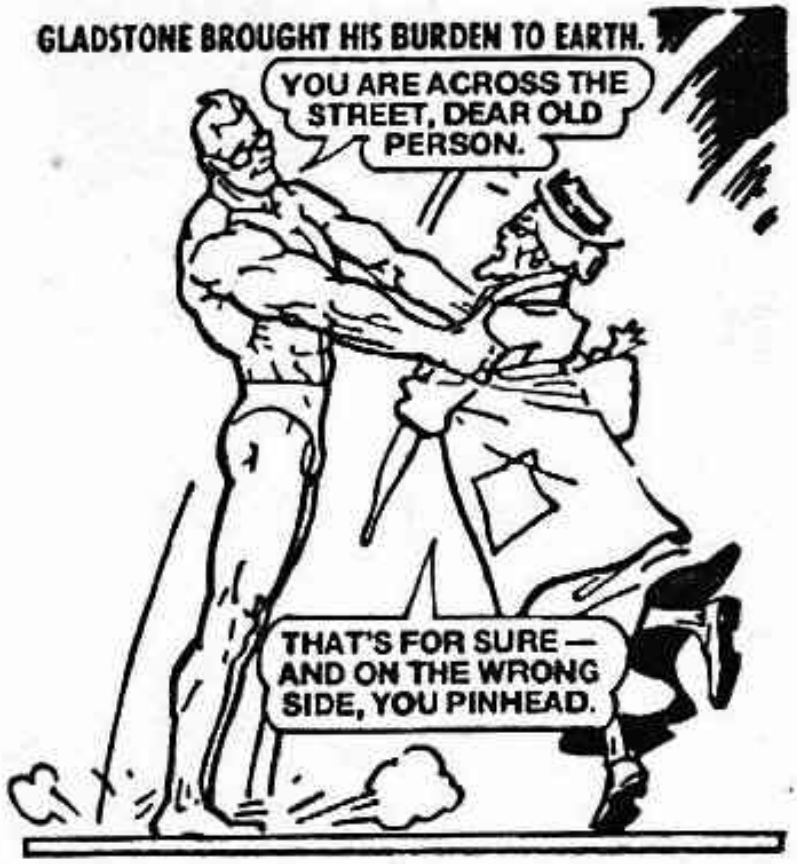
A PLACE TO SHED THIS HUMDRUM SUIT. AH YES — THE WASHROOM.

A BRISK ELEVATION OVER THE BUILDING AND DOWN INTO THE STREET.


GLADSTONE ARRIVED.
FEAR NOT, DEAR OLD LADY. I AM HERE.
HEY! LOOK OUT!

LEGGO OF ME!
KINDLY RELAX. YOU ARE SAFE.


MA, THERE'S A MAN FLYING WITH AN OLD LADY.
DON'T LOOK, JUNIOR. THERE ARE SOME STRANGE PEOPLE ABOUT THESE DAYS.

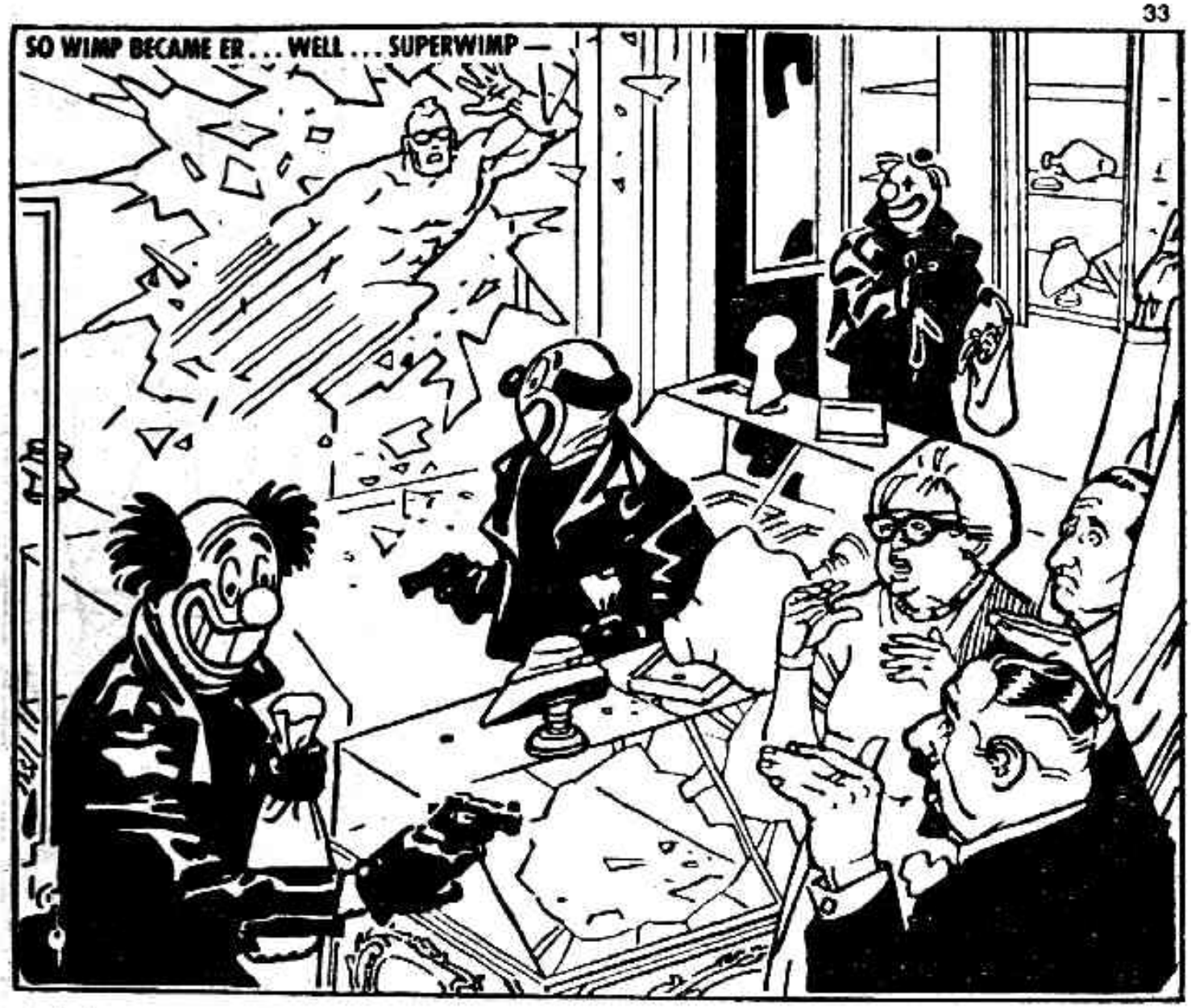

GLADSTONE BROUGHT HIS BURDEN TO EARTH.
YOU ARE ACROSS THE STREET, DEAR OLD PERSON.
THAT'S FOR SURE — AND ON THE WRONG SIDE, YOU PINHEAD.

CAN'T A RESPECTABLE WIDOW GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT BEING PESTERED BY NUTS?
DEAR LADY, CONTROL YOURSELF.

THERE'S THE GUY THAT CAUSED IT. MUST BE SOME KIND OF FILM STUNT.
THAT COULD MEAN HIDDEN CAMERAS. MAYBE WE'D ALL BETTER START SMILING.

GLADSTONE RETURNED TO HIS DESK.
YOU MISSED SOME EXCITEMENT ON THE STREET.
DID I?

LATER THAT DAY —
RONALD, HOW BEST COULD YOU HELP PEOPLE IF YOU BECAME POSSESSED OF SUPER POWERS — ER, NOT THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED TO ME, OF COURSE.
WALK
YES, THAT SHALL BE MY MAIN PURPOSE. I SHALL DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE FIGHTING OF CRIME.
FIRST I'D IMPROVE MY GOLF SWING THEN — WELL, WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS IS A GOOD CLEAN-UP TO GET CRIME OFF THE STREETS.

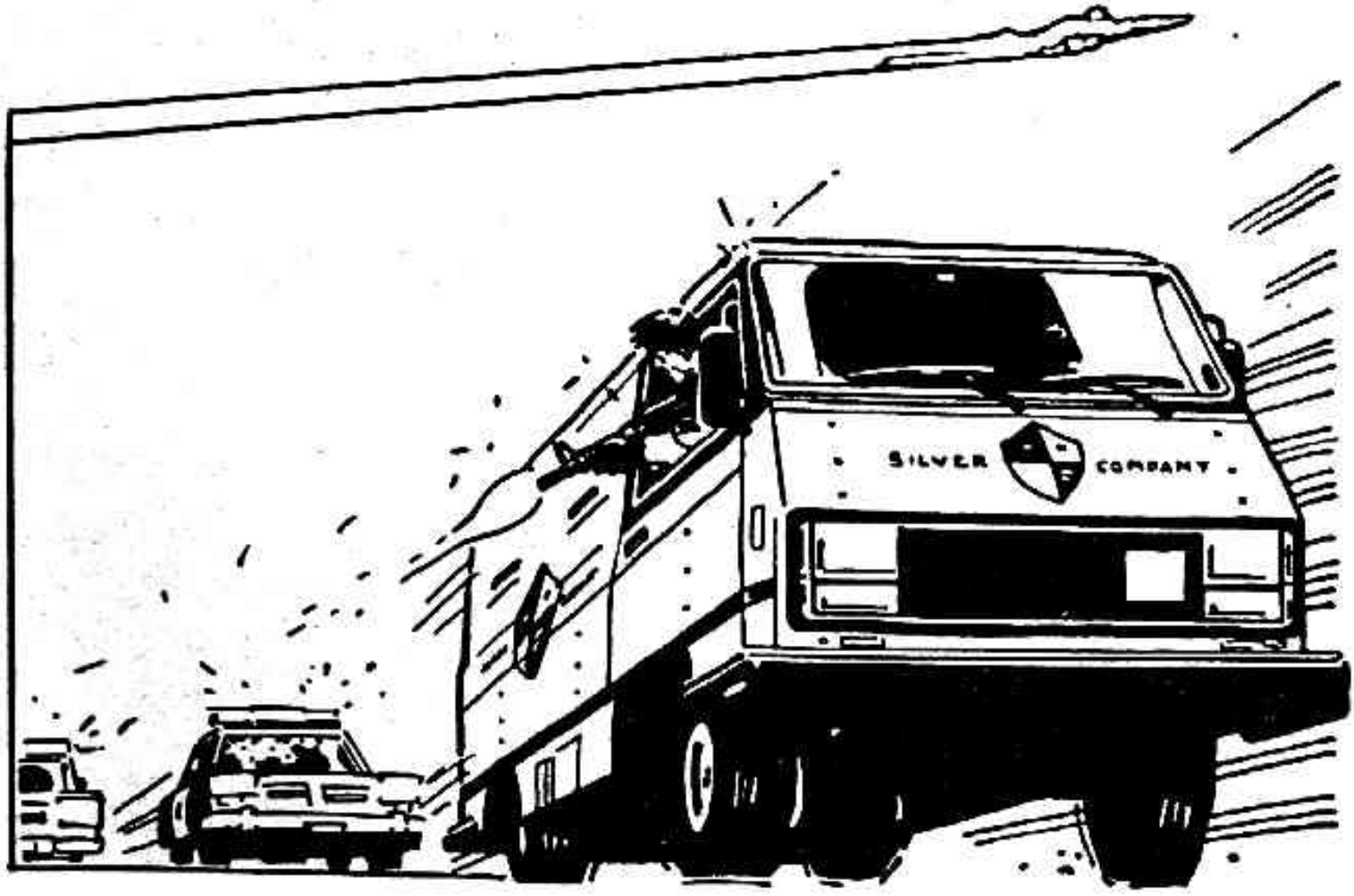

SO WIMP BECAME ER . . . WELL . . . SUPERWIMP —

Stevens and
High Class Jewellers
ZAP!
KERPOW!
DONK!

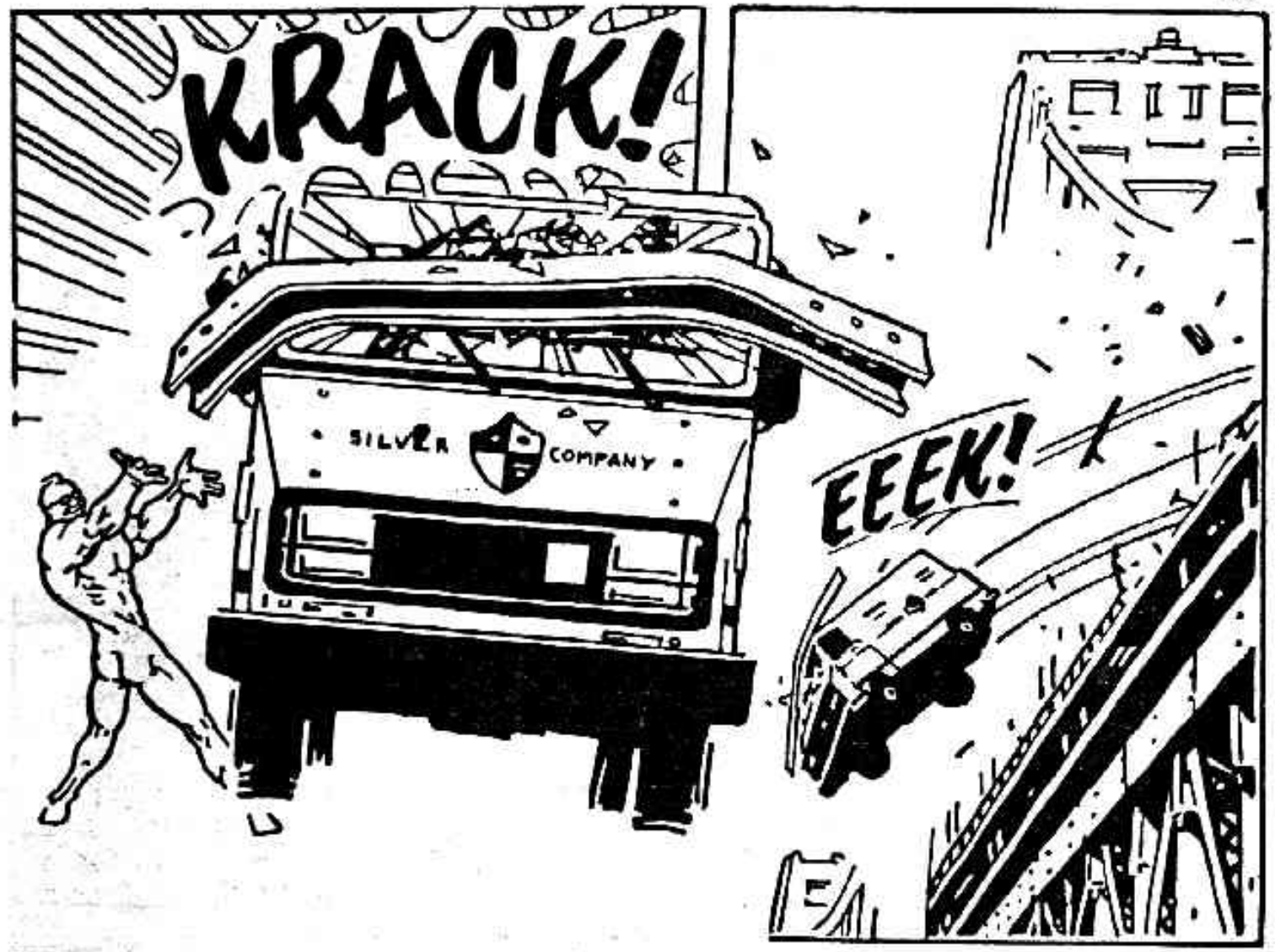
SIR, YOUR MERCHANDISE IS SAFE.
THANK YOU — ER, DID YOU HAVE TO BE SO ROUGH? THIS IS GOING TO PUT UP OUR INSURANCE PREMIUMS.

UNITS IN HOT PURSUIT OF STOLEN BULLION TRUCK MAKING TOWARDS THE EAST BRIDGE.
THIS POLICE CHANNEL RADIO WAS INDEED A SHREWD INVESTMENT.

A FEW MINUTES LATER —



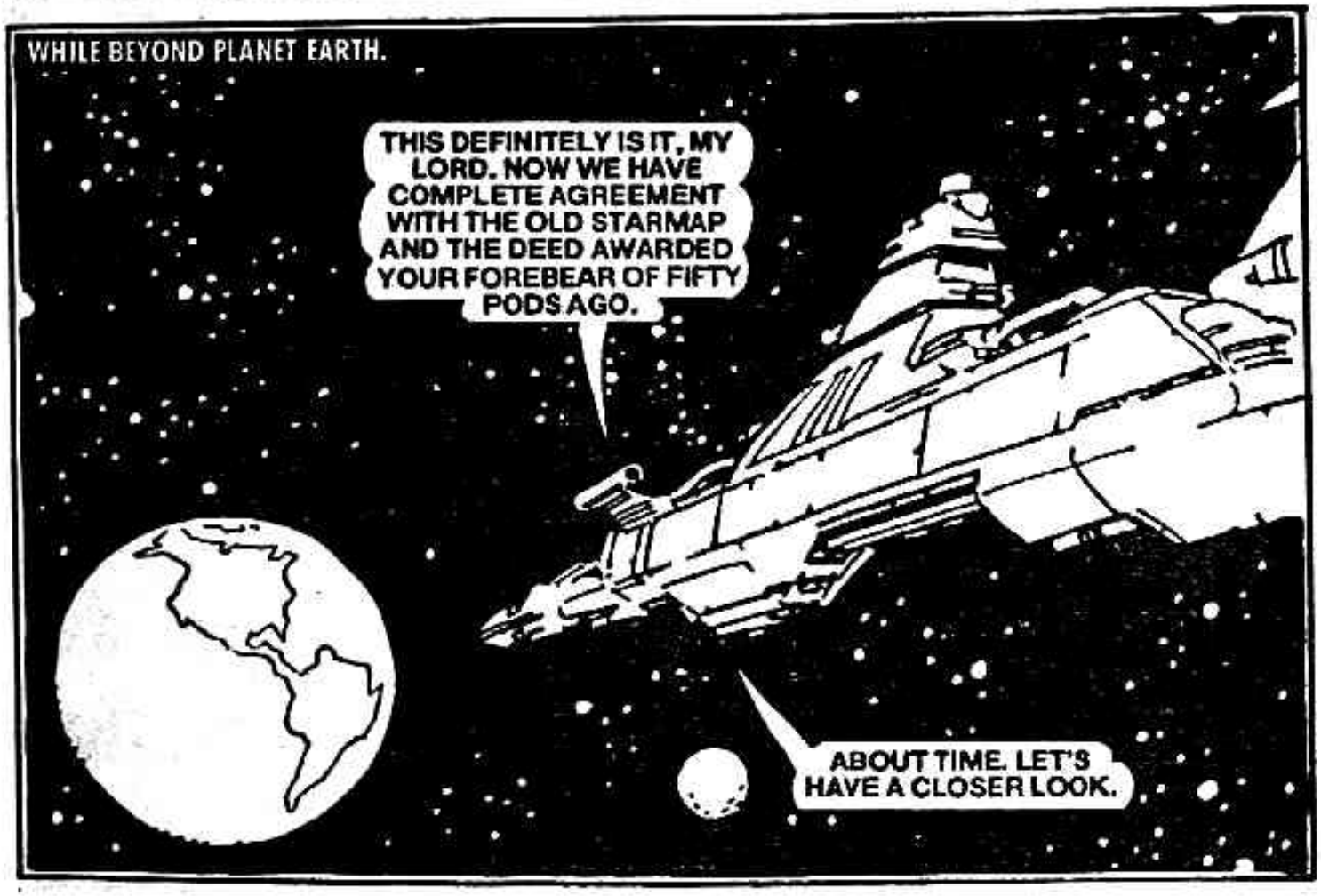
HEY, YOU! THERE'S A TOLL OF A DOLLAR TO CROSS THIS BRIDGE.
PANY
LOOK OUT! HIT THE BRAKES.

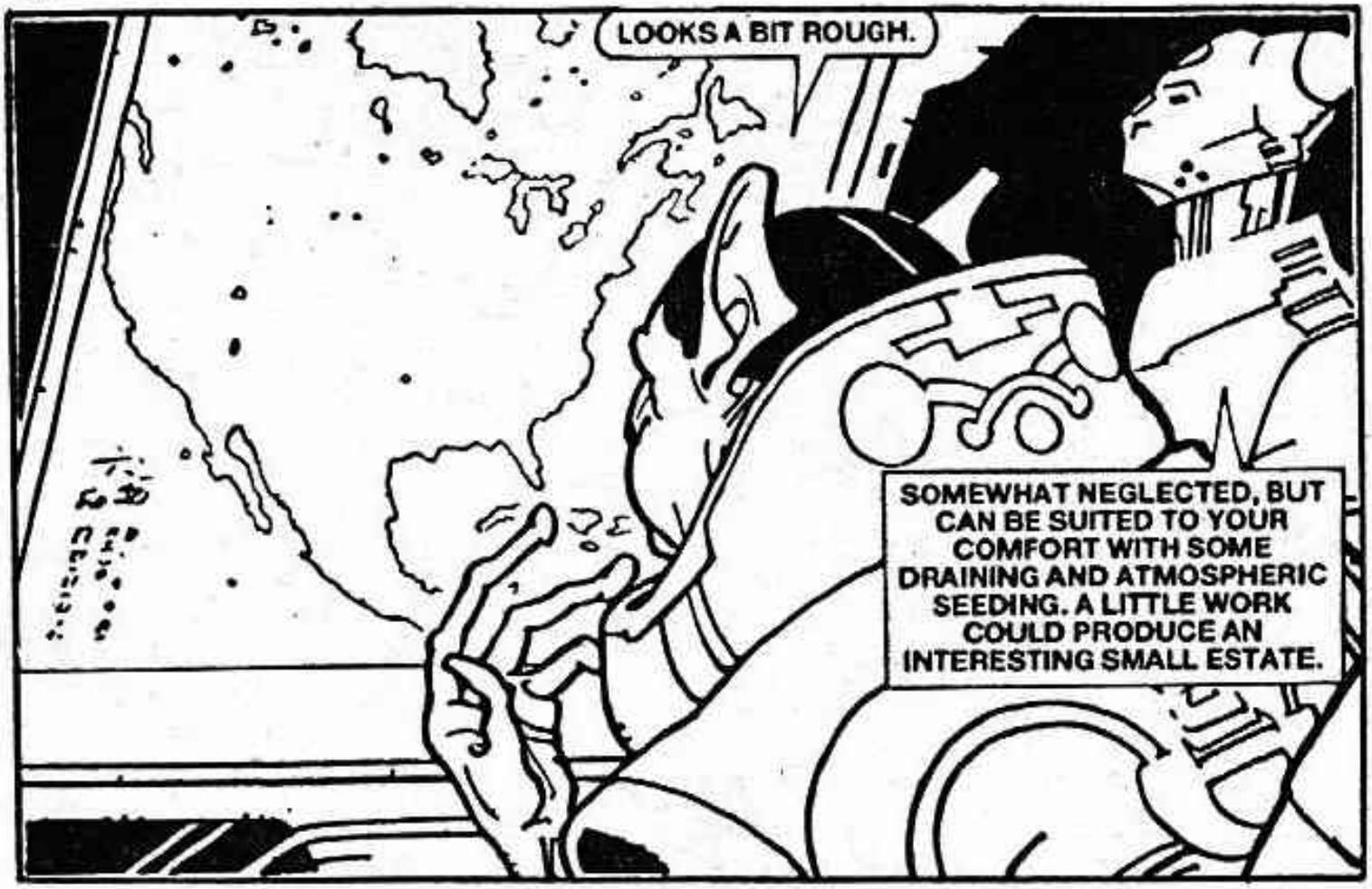

KRACK!
SILVER COMPANY
EEEK!

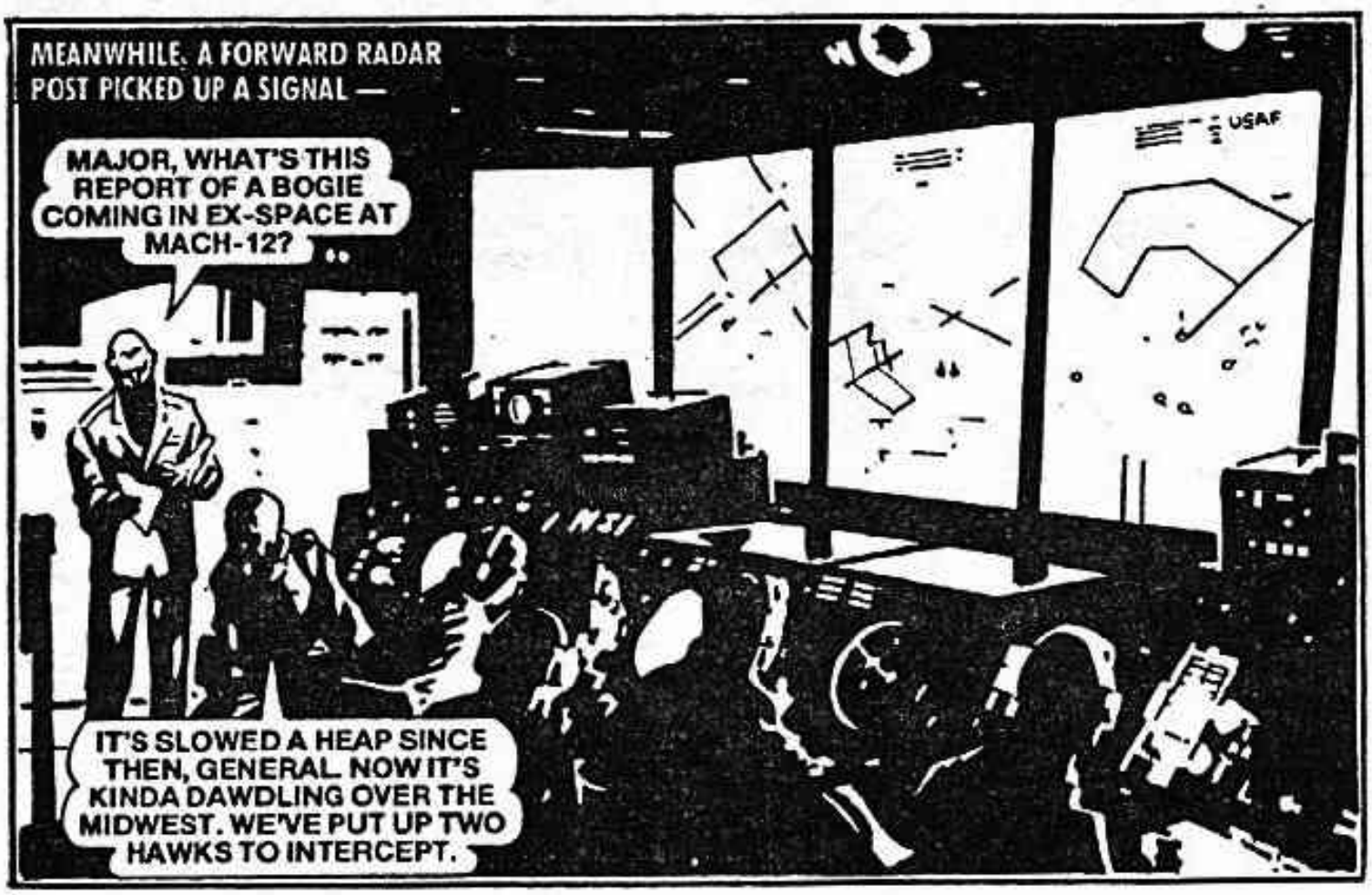
GOLDURNED WRECKER! GET OFF MY BRIDGE.
THERE IS NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE.

THERE WERE OTHER INCIDENTS — MANY OTHERS.
TELEPH
HURRY UP IN THERE.
ONE MOMENT, SIR! SUPERWIMP CALLING, OFFICER. KINDLY TAKE DOWN THESE DIRECTIONS TO WHERE MY LAST NIGHT'S HAUL OF LAWBREAKERS IS INCARCERATED FOR YOUR COLLECTION —
NEVER HAVE OUR STREETS BEEN MORE PEACEFUL NOR OUR PRISON CELLS SO FULL. WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS BEING OF FANTASTIC POWERS WHO STALKS OUR CITY BYWAYS AND SKYWAYS? WHO IS HE?
?
YEAH, CHIEF — WHO IS HE?
WE'LL SOON KNOW, MISTER MAYOR. I GOT MY WHOLE POLICE DEPARTMENT ON THE JOB. THIS GUY IS WRECKING A FINE WORKING RELATIONSHIP THAT TOOK YEARS TO SET UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD.
?

IN A CITY HOSPITAL.
I KNOW WHO THIS SUPERWIMP IS!
SURE, O'FLAHERTY. HE'S YOU IN DISGUISE — JUST LIKE THAT GUY IN THE NEXT BED IS REALLY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

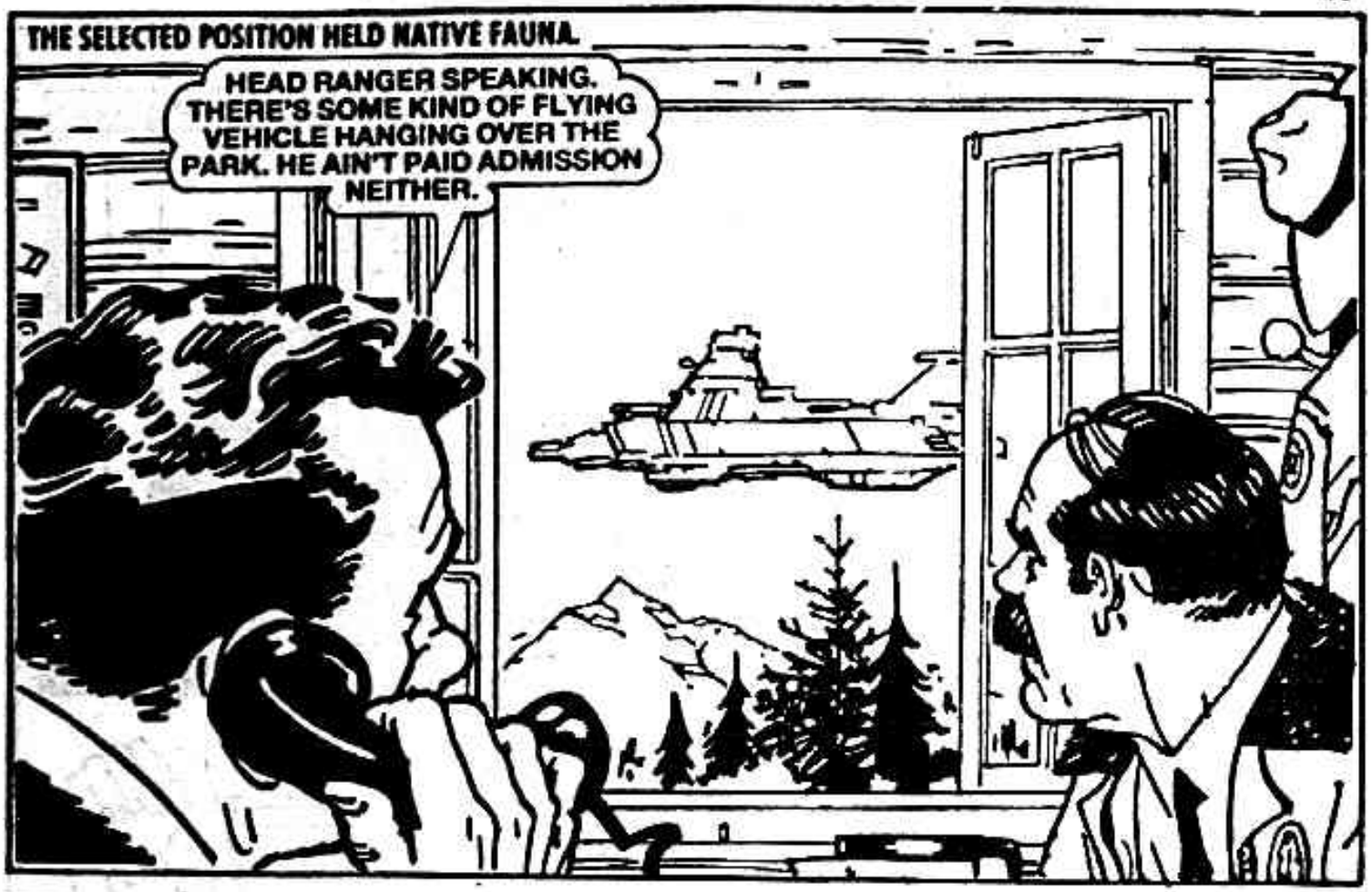

WHILE BEYOND PLANET EARTH.
THIS DEFINITELY IS IT, MY LORD. NOW WE HAVE COMPLETE AGREEMENT WITH THE OLD STARMAP AND THE DEED AWARDED YOUR FOREBEAR OF FIFTY PODS AGO.
ABOUT TIME. LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK.

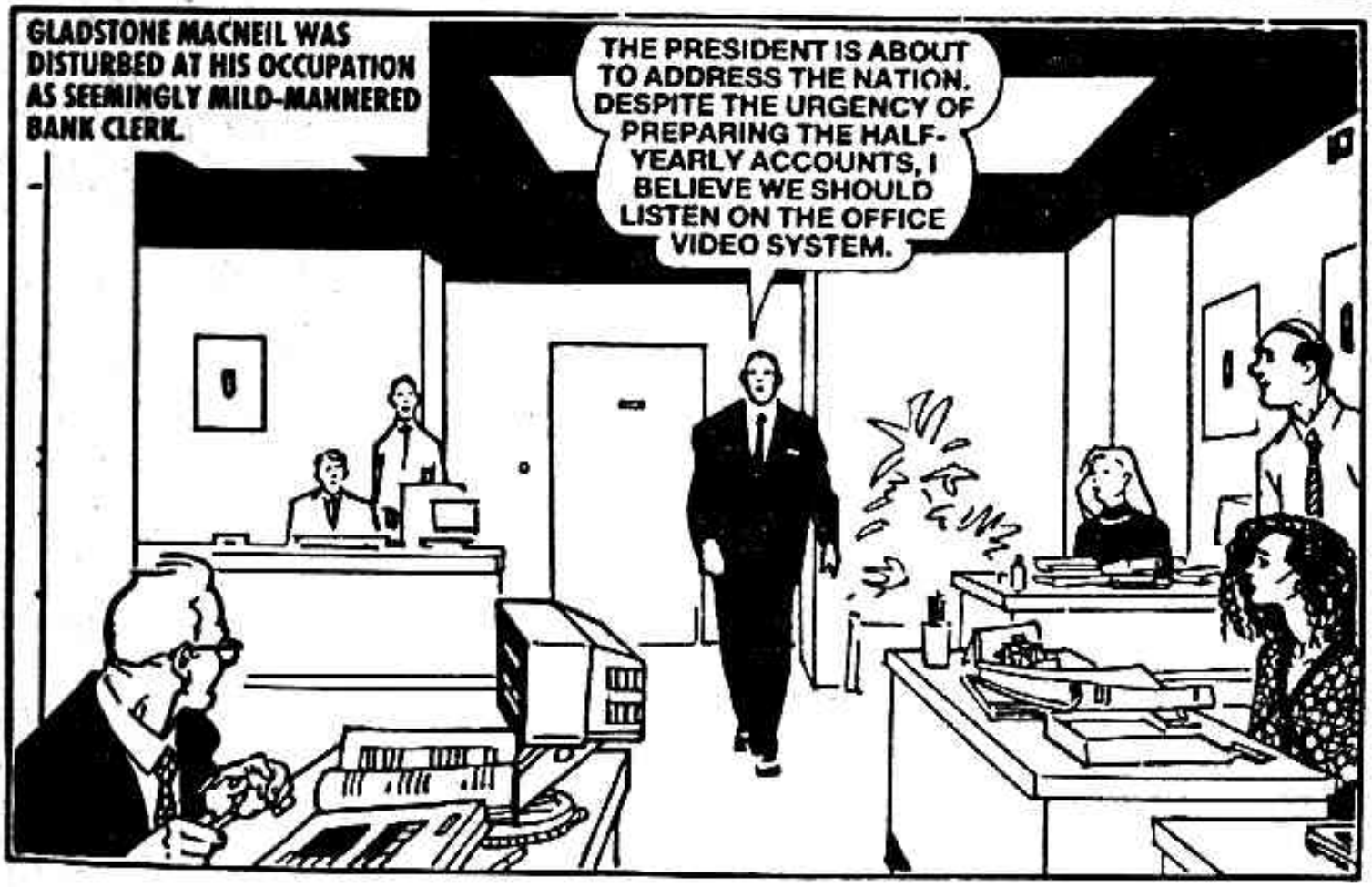

LOOKS A BIT ROUGH.
SOMEWHAT NEGLECTED, BUT CAN BE SUITED TO YOUR COMFORT WITH SOME DRAINING AND ATMOSPHERIC SEEDING. A LITTLE WORK COULD PRODUCE AN INTERESTING SMALL ESTATE.


MEANWHILE, A FORWARD RADAR POST PICKED UP A SIGNAL —
MAJOR, WHAT'S THIS REPORT OF A BOGIE COMING IN EX-SPACE AT MACH-12?
USAF
IT'S SLOWED A HEAP SINCE THEN, GENERAL. NOW IT'S KINDA DAWDLING OVER THE MIDWEST. WE'VE PUT UP TWO HAWKS TO INTERCEPT.

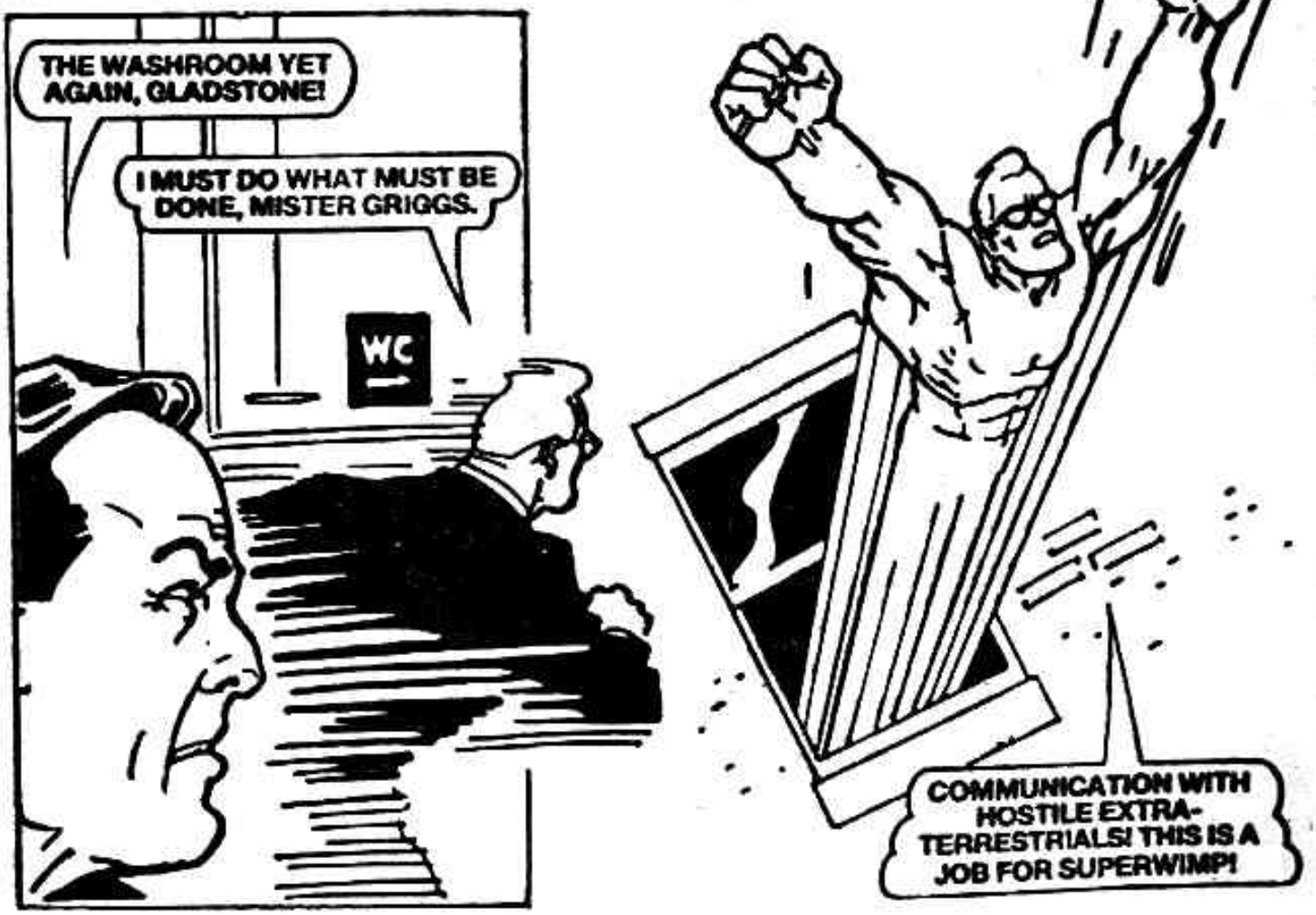
RED HACKLE ONE! UFO SIGHTING CONFIRMED.
STAY COOL, BOY. CARRY OUT REGULATION PROCEDURE.
YOUR FOREBEAR DID RELEASE A FEW SPECIES OF ASSORTED FAUNA, LORD FZOD. OBVIOUSLY AN INTELLIGENT VARIETY HAS EVOLVED TO THE STAGE OF PRIMITIVE FLIGHT.
MY OWN ANIMAL PARK! THAT DOES MAKE THE PLACE MORE INTERESTING.
AM RECEIVING TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TYPE. DECODING PRODUCES AN INSTRUCTION FOR THIS VESSEL TO MAKE AN IMMEDIATE LANDING.
SHEER IMPUDENCE. SWAT THEM AWAY.

BREAKING UP. AM EJECTING. MAYDAY!
NOW A PLACE TO SETTLE — SOMEWHERE TO RELAX A MILLENIUM OR TWO, EVEN TO RAISE OFFSPRING SHOULD I DECIDE.
ONE LOCATION OF POSSIBILITY IS ON OUR APPROACH LINE.
THERMAL HEAT FROM THE PLANETARY MAGMA, AN ATTRACTIVE ROCK GARDEN — YES, I LIKE IT.
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
GEYSER


THE SELECTED POSITION HELD NATIVE FAUNA.
HEAD RANGER SPEAKING. THERE'S SOME KIND OF FLYING VEHICLE HANGING OVER THE PARK. HE AIN'T PAID ADMISSION NEITHER.


GLADSTONE MACNEIL WAS DISTURBED AT HIS OCCUPATION AS SEEMINGLY MILD-MANNERED BANK CLERK.
THE PRESIDENT IS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE NATION. DESPITE THE URGENCY OF PREPARING THE HALF-YEARLY ACCOUNTS, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD LISTEN ON THE OFFICE VIDEO SYSTEM.

DISREGARDING THE HOSTILITY SHOWN BY THESE ALIEN VISITORS, WE SHALL BE PATIENT AND CONTINUE ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE. THERE IS NO NEED OF PANIC — ER, I THINK.

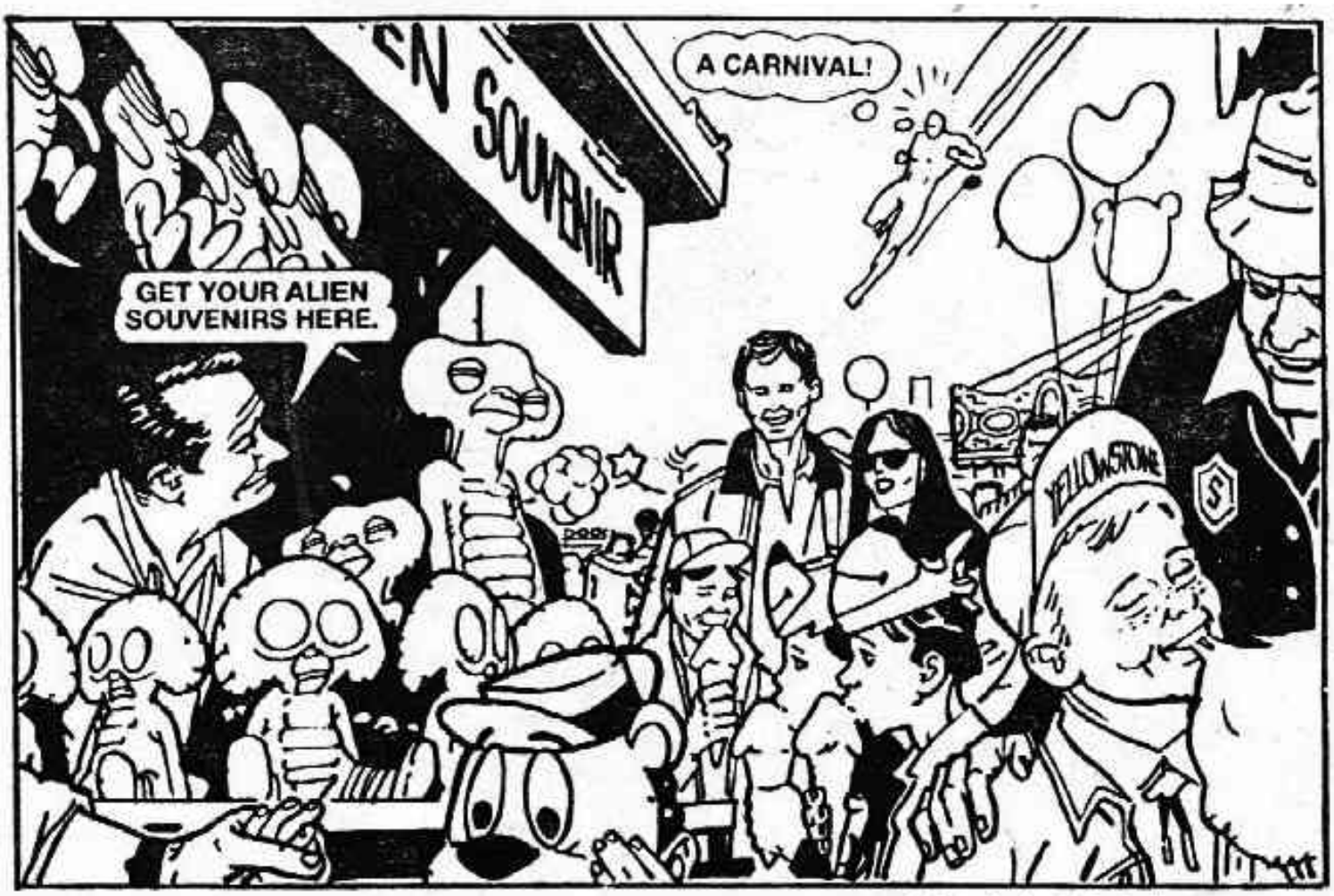

THE WASHROOM YET AGAIN, GLADSTONE!
I MUST DO WHAT MUST BE DONE, MISTER GRIGGS.
WC
COMMUNICATION WITH HOSTILE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS! THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERWIMP!

WHAT'S THAT, MA? IS IT A BIRD? IS IT AN AEROPLANE?
DON'T LOOK, JUNIOR. IT'S MOST LIKELY ONLY SUPERWIMP.

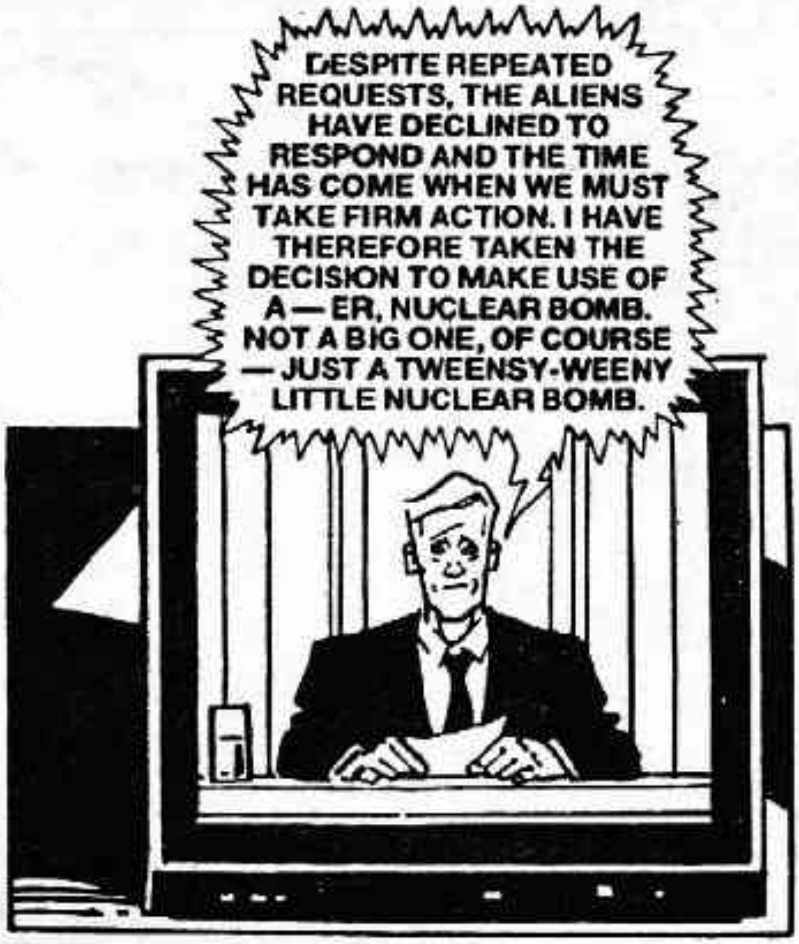
THERE IT IS — A VESSEL FROM THE STARS. NO WONDER THE ROADS BELOW ARE CROWDED WITH FRIGHTENED PEOPLE.

STRANGE, BUT THEY FLEE THE WRONG WAY — TOWARDS INSTEAD OF AWAY FROM THE ALIEN CRAFT.

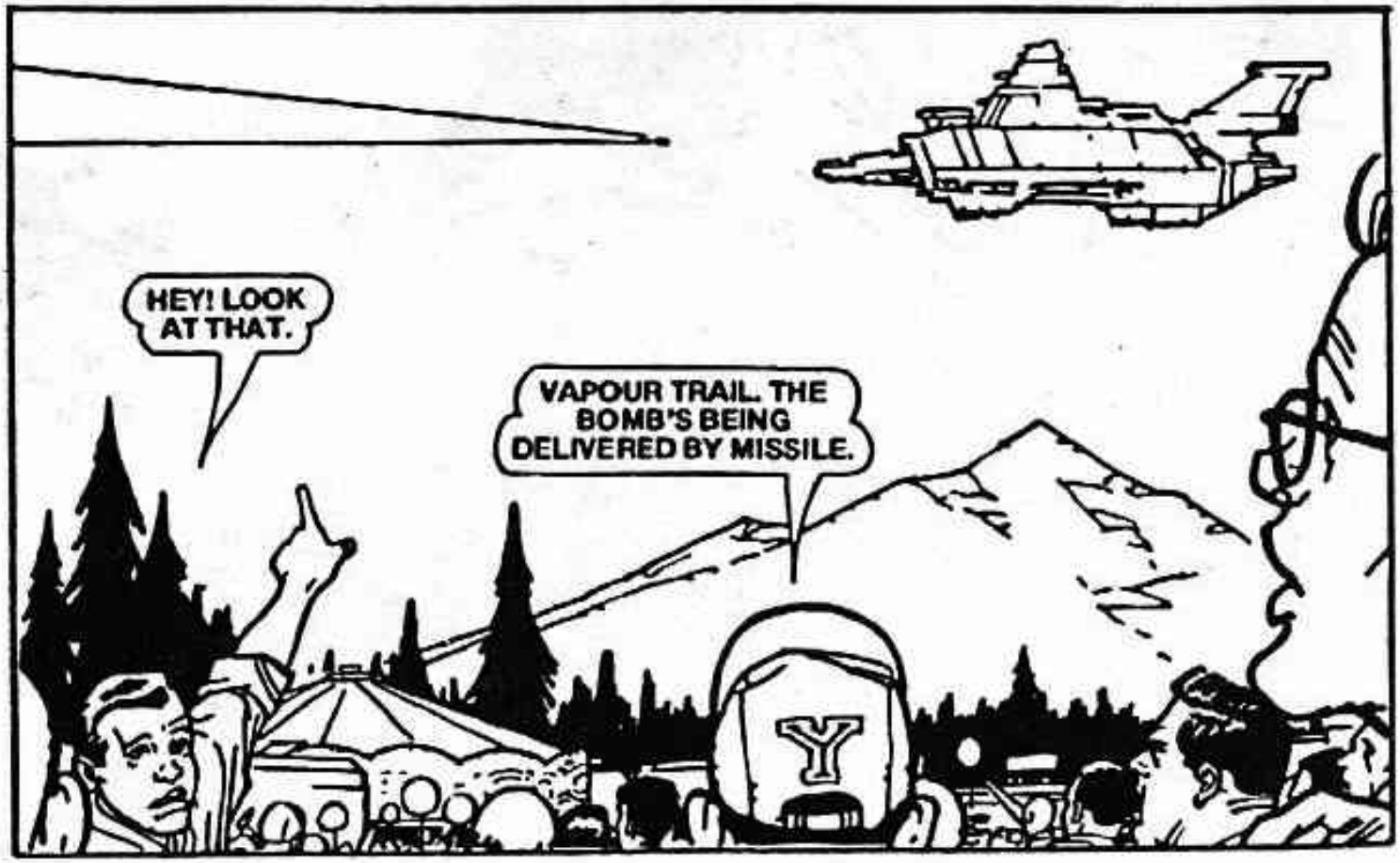
THIS WAY, FOLKS.
THEY ARE BEING DIRECTED TO PARKING PLACES.
PARKING
PICNIC AREA


SOUVENIR
A CARNIVAL!
GET YOUR ALIEN SOUVENIRS HERE.
YELLOWSTONE

HEY! THE PRESIDENT'S ON THE BOX AGAIN.


DESPITE REPEATED REQUESTS, THE ALIENS HAVE DECLINED TO RESPOND AND THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE MUST TAKE FIRM ACTION. I HAVE THEREFORE TAKEN THE DECISION TO MAKE USE OF A — ER, NUCLEAR BOMB. NOT A BIG ONE, OF COURSE — JUST A TWEENSY-WEENY LITTLE NUCLEAR BOMB.

A GENUINE THERMONUCLEAR EXPLOSION, DEAR. SHOULD BE SO EDUCATIONAL FOR THE CHILDREN.
FAR OUT! I'M SO GLAD YOU TOOK TIME OFF WORK FOR THIS TRIP.


HEY! LOOK AT THAT.
VAPOUR TRAIL. THE BOMB'S BEING DELIVERED BY MISSILE.

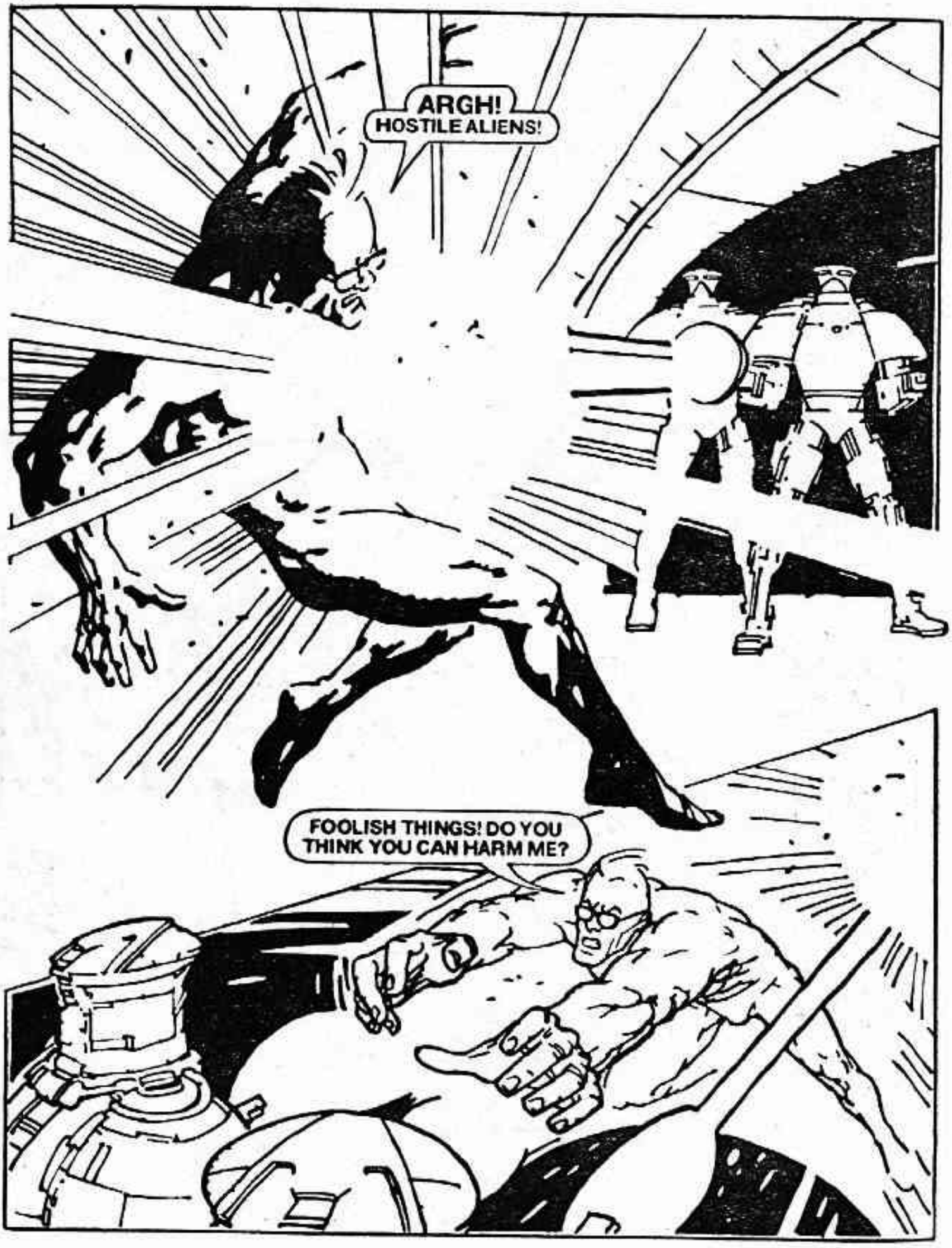
A PRIMITIVE VARIETY OF ATOMIC-REACTION WEAPON, LORD FZOD.
SWAT IT.
THE MISSILE WAS DIVERTED.
DINK!

MY PRESIDENT HAS FAILED. NOW I MUST INTERVENE.

WE ARE APPROACHED BY A PRIMITIVE BEING WHO HAS THE FACILITY OF UNAIDED AERIAL PROGRESS.
SWAT THE CREATURE.

GLADSTONE WAS ASSAILED BY A TREMENDOUS FORCE.
THE POWER WHICH STRUCK THE MISSILE. WELL, I SHALL BE NEITHER STOPPED NOR DIVERTED.
ZAP!

ONWARD!
I AM WITHIN THE GREAT VESSEL.


ARGH! HOSTILE ALIENS!
FOOLISH THINGS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HARM ME?

WHAP!
ZAP!
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.
I'D BETTER SEE THE CREATURE BEFORE IT DOES MORE DAMAGE.

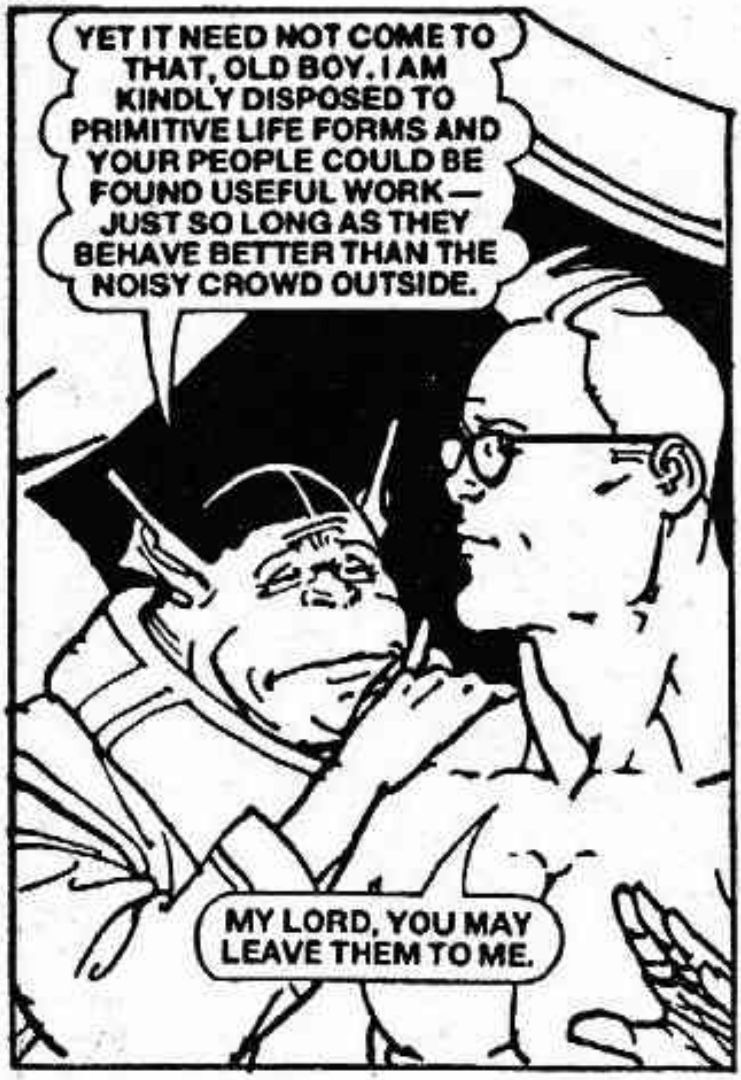
KINDLY STEP THIS WAY.
AH! SO THE ALIENS CAN COMMUNICATE.

THIS DECODER WILL ENABLE YOU TO UNDERSTAND AND RESPOND IN THE LANGUAGE PATTERN OF THE PRIMITIVE, LORD FZOD.
IT IS TO BE HOPED IT IS SAPIENT ENOUGH TO FOLLOW A REASONED ARGUMENT.

GREATER GALACTIC AND HUMAN CAME FEATURE TO FACE.
GREETINGS, OLD CHAP. FZOD FLOOTCH OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF MATAR — AT YOUR SERVICE.
ROYALTY! THIS IS AN HONOUR, LORDSHIP — ER, I AM GLADSTONE MACNEIL, MORE USUALLY KNOWN IN THIS GUISE AS SUPERWIMP!

LORD FZOD, AS AN EMISSARY OF THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, I WISH TO STATE THEIR CONCERN AT YOUR INTRUSION ON OUR PLANET.
DEAR FELLOW, YOU AND YOUR FELLOW BEINGS DO NOT APPEAR TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE SITUATION. I OWN THE PLACE. YOU AND THEY ARE THE TRESPASSERS.

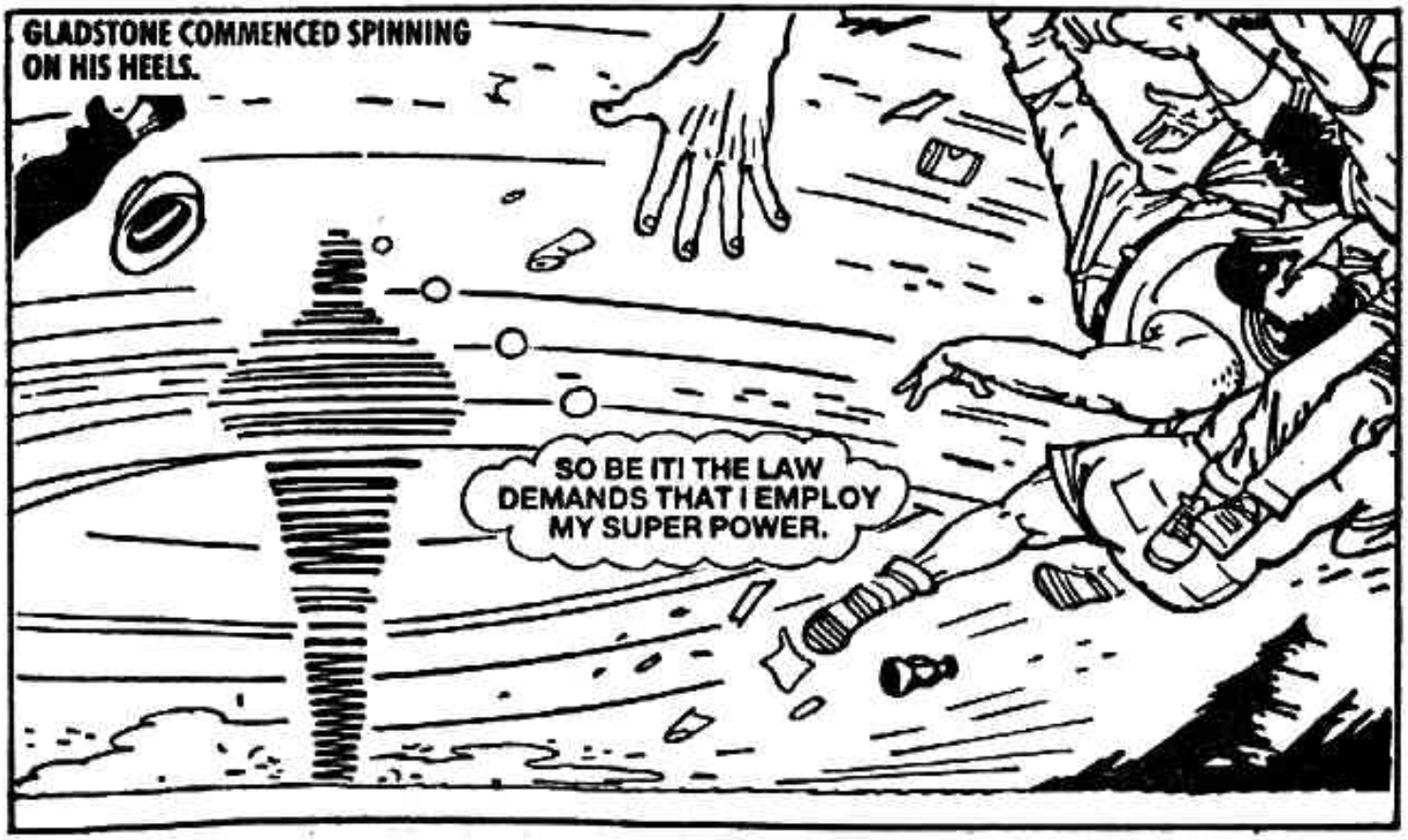
MY PROPERTY DEED. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU READ MATARAN LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY, BUT BE ASSURED IT PROVES MY TITLE AND RIGHT TO EVICTION OF ANY SQUATTING PARTIES.
EVICTION!


YET IT NEED NOT COME TO THAT, OLD BOY. I AM KINDLY DISPOSED TO PRIMITIVE LIFE FORMS AND YOUR PEOPLE COULD BE FOUND USEFUL WORK — JUST SO LONG AS THEY BEHAVE BETTER THAN THE NOISY CROWD OUTSIDE.
MY LORD, YOU MAY LEAVE THEM TO ME.

I GO TO UPHOLD THE LAW. THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF SUPERWIMP!
MOST COMMENDABLE.

GLADSTONE RETURNED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
ATTENTION! BE ADVISED YOU ARE TRESPASSING. YOU MUST DEPART WITHOUT DELAY.

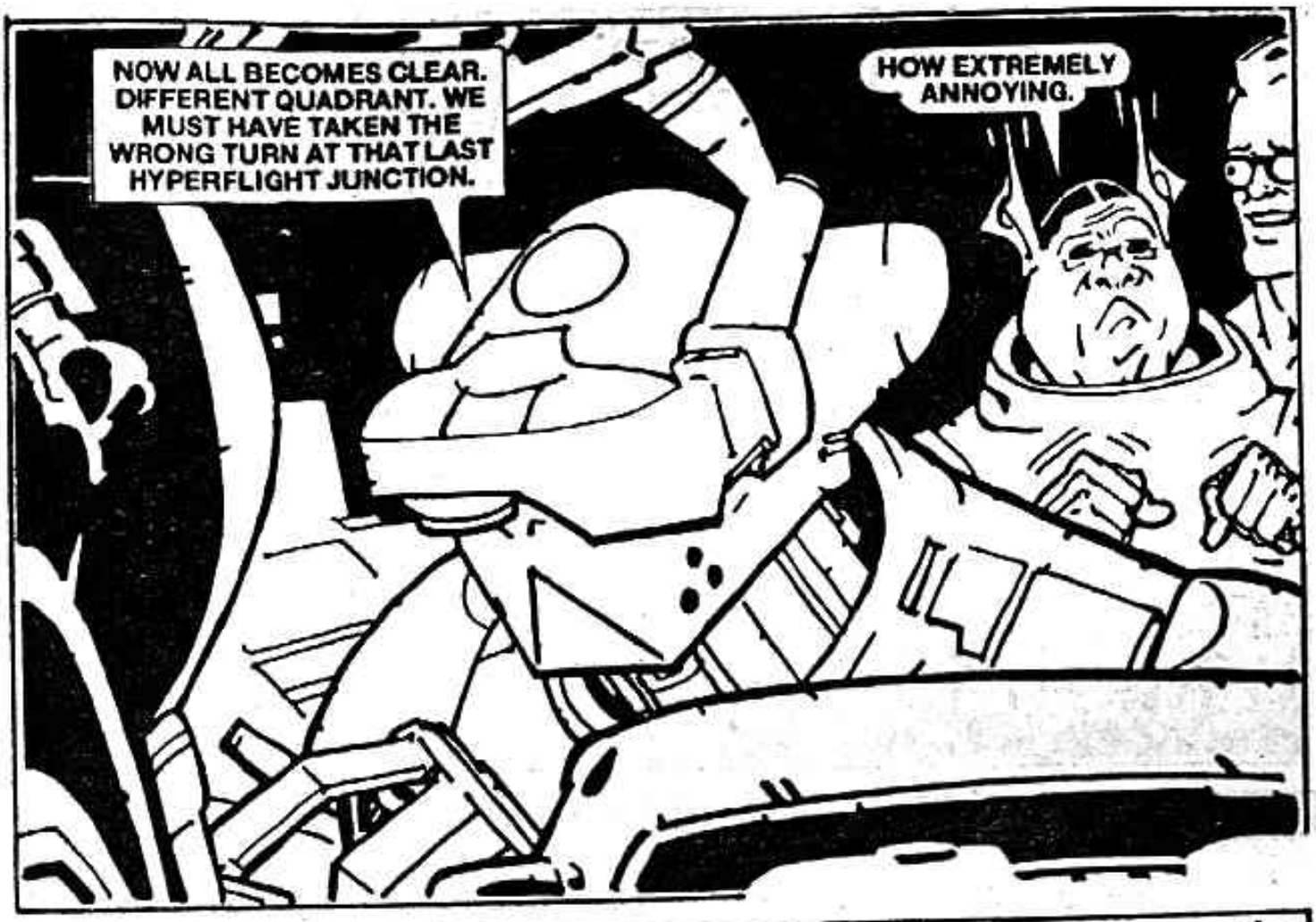
WHO THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO ORDER US AROUND?
I AIN'T GOING TILL I'VE SHOWN MY KIDS SOME ALIENS.
YEAH, WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU WEAR WEIRD CLOTHES AND FLY AROUND LIKE A DUCK?


GLADSTONE COMMENCED SPINNING ON HIS HEELS.
SO BE IT! THE LAW DEMANDS THAT I EMPLOY MY SUPER POWER.

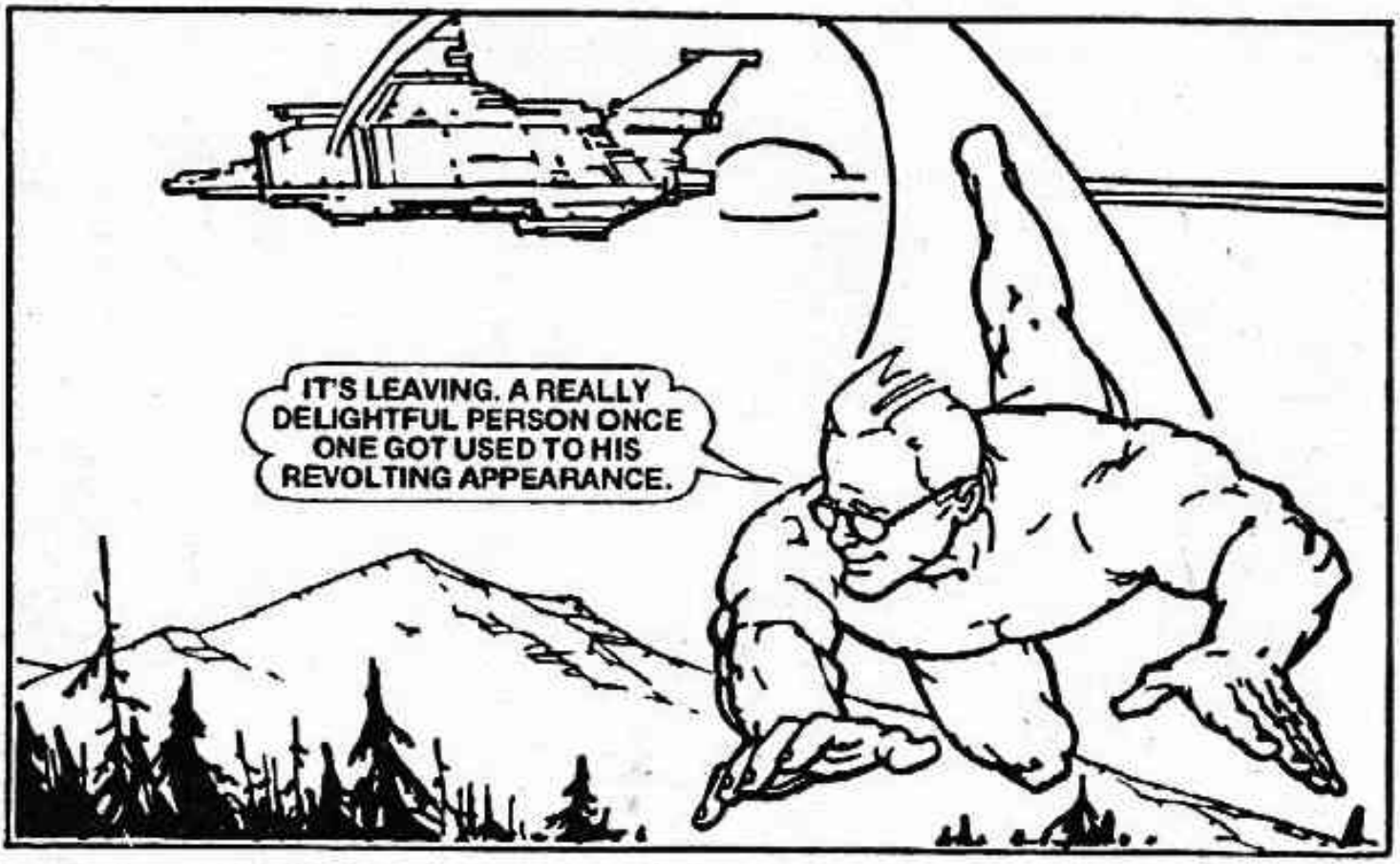
HE SPUN FASTER — FASTER.
PUT ME THROUGH TO THE WHITE HOUSE. THIS IS SUPERWIMP CALLING PERSON-TO-PERSON WITH THE PRESIDENT.
KINDLY INSERT A CREDIT CARD OR COINAGE TO THE AMOUNT OF TWO DOLLARS, FORTY CENTS.

PARDON ME, SIR! I REQUIRE CHANGE FOR A TEN DOLLAR NOTE.
HUH — ER, SURE.
GLADSTONE MADE HIS CALL.
YES, MISTER PRESIDENT, WE HUMANS ARE IN ILLEGAL OCCUPATION OF SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROPERTY.
YOU MEAN WE CAN BE THROWN OFF. BUT HOW — WHERE? GOLDURN IT, THERE'S MILLIONS OF US.
MISTER PRESIDENT, WE'LL FIGHT IT THROUGH THE COURTS. ASK THAT WIMP GUY TO GET US A COPY OF THE DEED.
YES, SIR. WE'LL PUT THE FINEST LEGAL BRAINS IN THE COUNTRY ON IT.

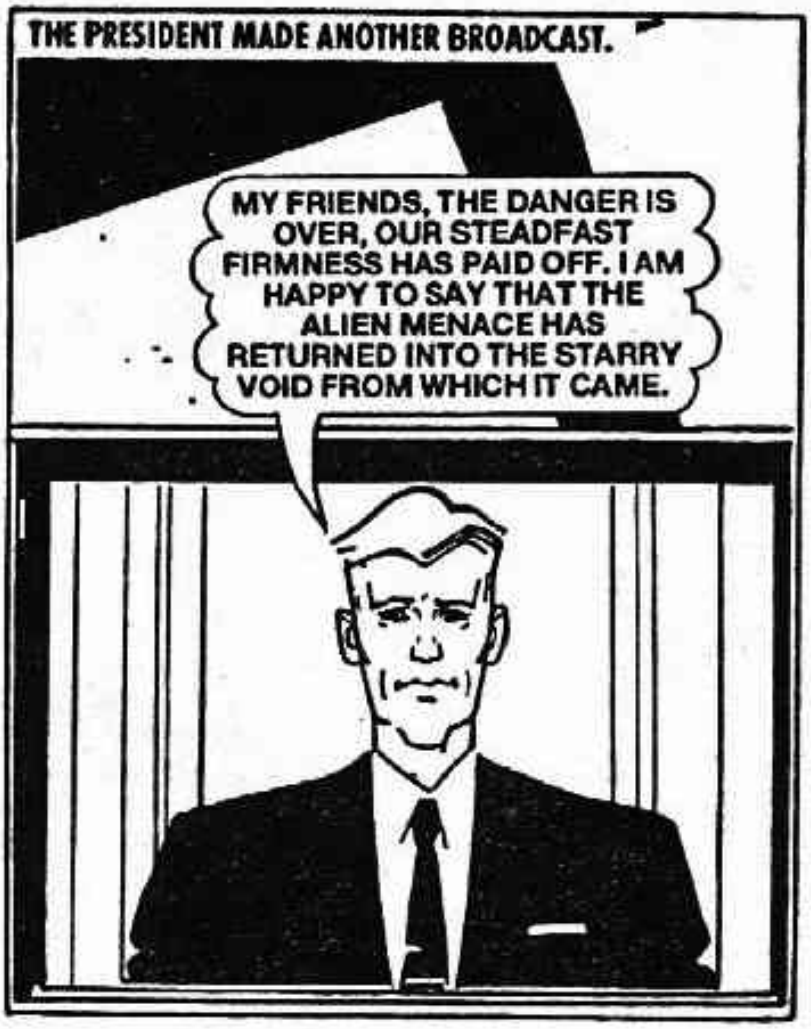
GLADSTONE RETURNED BEFORE LORD FZOD.
TAKE ME TO COURT! A WASTE OF TIME. I ASSURE YOU MY CLAIM IS WATERTIGHT.
HERE IT IS — ALL PROPERTY RIGHTS VESTED IN THE SECOND PLANET OF ZB49093B, A G-2 YELLOW DWARF IN THE TENTH SPIRAL QUADRANT.
THAT CANNOT BE CORRECT. EARTH IS THE THIRD PLANET OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM.
NOT POSSIBLE. I WILL CHECK.
THE CREATURE IS CORRECT. THERE IS ANOTHER INNER PLANET.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN CONCEALED BEHIND THE STAR ON MY PREVIOUS OBSERVATION. I SHALL MAKE A FURTHER CHECK.


NOW ALL BECOMES CLEAR. DIFFERENT QUADRANT. WE MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURN AT THAT LAST HYPERFLIGHT JUNCTION.
HOW EXTREMELY ANNOYING.

AN EASY MISTAKE TO MAKE, MY GOOD FELLOW. IT OFTEN HAPPENS ON INTERGALACTIC VOYAGES. CHARMED TO MEET YOU, BUT I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE.
OH — ER, CERTAINLY, MY LORD.


IT'S LEAVING. A REALLY DELIGHTFUL PERSON ONCE ONE GOT USED TO HIS REVOLTING APPEARANCE.

SUPERWIMP AGAIN. MUST AGAIN SPEAK WITH THE PRESIDENT.


THE PRESIDENT MADE ANOTHER BROADCAST.
MY FRIENDS, THE DANGER IS OVER, OUR STEADFAST FIRMNESS HAS PAID OFF. I AM HAPPY TO SAY THAT THE ALIEN MENACE HAS RETURNED INTO THE STARRY VOID FROM WHICH IT CAME.

MINUTES LATER —
BACK AT LAST, GLADSTONE. YOU MISSED SOME EXCITEMENT.
OH DEAR! I AM SO DISAPPOINTED.
GLADSTONE RETURNED HOME AT THE END OF HIS WORKING DAY.
HEY, YOU! THERE'S A SOME KINDA FOREIGNER WAITING IN YOUR APARTMENT.
YET I AM NOT EXPECTING A VISITOR, MRS O'FLAHERTY.
SIR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY PROPERTY?
MY PROPERTY, SIR. I AM VALTOK-AD-VRIGUL, DEALER IN NOVELTIES, NEARLY NEW ATTIRE AND SUNDRY OTHER MERCHANDISE.

VALTOK-AD-VRIGUL MET OTHER VISITORS ON HIS WAY OUT.

THAT'S HIM. THAT'S SUPERWIMP!
IT IS, HUH! THIS IS THE SUPERGUY YOU'VE BRUNG US OUT TO SEE!
MR O'FLAHERTY AND ESCORT DEPARTED — RAPIDLY.
LET'S GET THIS GINK BACK TO THE FUNNY FARM.

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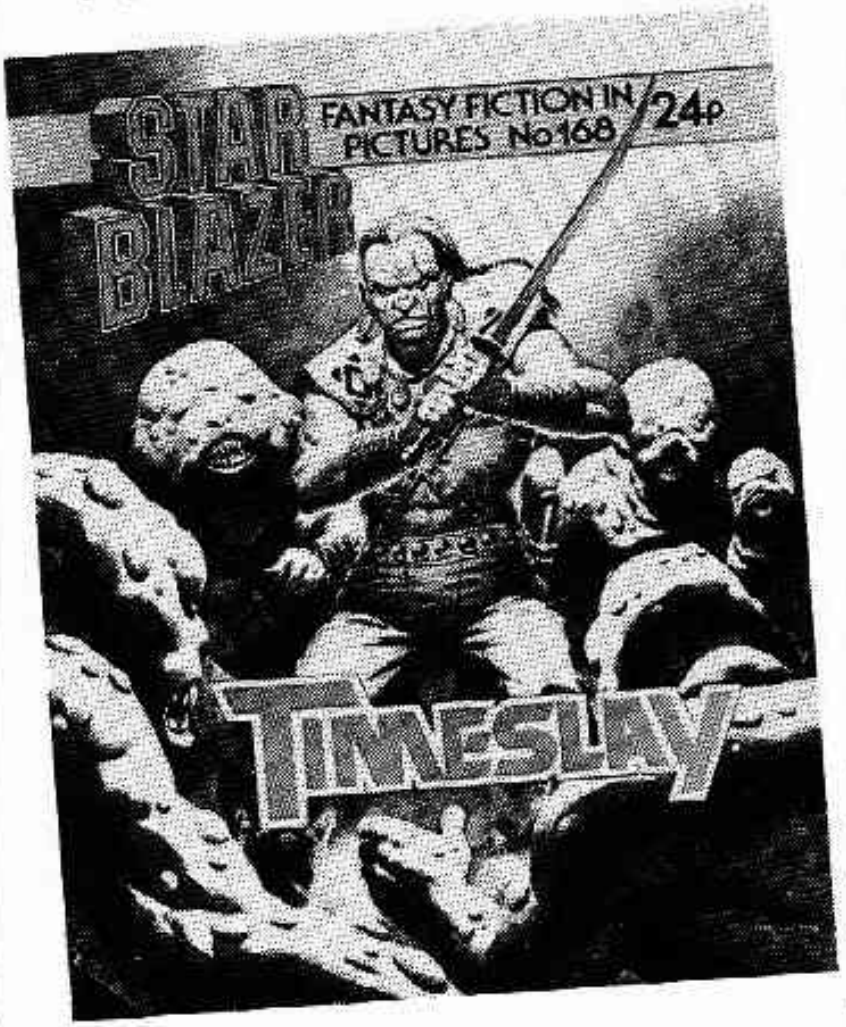
STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY



The first wrap-around cover — by Ian Kennedy

1986 was a watershed with the old style cover finally giving way to the wrap-around in issue 168. Timeslay was written by John Smith and is an outstanding tale brilliantly drawn by Alcatena. Check it out for yourself if you haven't already done so.
Another fine artist, Garijo, made his Starblazer debut with Grok and Zero in number 176. A definite change in direction was noticeable, with stories tending towards sword and sorcery and the content perhaps more adult.

No.	TITLE	AUTHOR	ARTIST
160	THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH	D. MOTTON	ORTIZ
161	THE SEEDS OF MADNESS	N. JORDAN	ALCATENA
162	THE D. TEAM	W. REED	ALCATENA
163	HEADHUNTER	J. SMITH	SEGURA
164	THE FIGHTING STARDOME	W. REED	ORTIZ
165	THE EXECUTIONER	STAFF	REDONDO
166	THE CLONE RANGER	R. ASPDEN	ALCATENA
167	MINDBENDER	G. T. MORRISON	ALCATENA
168	TIMESLAY	J. SMITH	ALCATENA
169	THE FINAL SANCTION	M. KNOWLES	ORTIZ
170	THE LASERWORLD	R. ASPDEN	ALCATENA
171	STAR KNIGHT	D. SMITH	ORTIZ
172	NIGHTRAIDER	M. CHINN	ORTIZ
173	THE VEGAS MURDERS	S. BOUNDS	ORTIZ
174	THE TERMINATOR	ALAN ROGERS	ORTIZ
175	BLACK LORD	M. KNOWLES	ALCATENA
176	GROK AND ZERO	A. C. HEMUS	GARIJO
177	THE MIDAS MYSTERY	G. MORRISON	ALCATENA
178	THE SECRET WAR	R. ASPDEN	SEGURA
179	MANDROID	M. KNOWLES	ALCATENA
180	EDEN THE HUNTER	A. WHITELEY	SEGURA
181	DEATHTREK	D. MOTTON	ORTIZ
182	BRON THE AVENGER	W. CORDEROY	SEGURA
183	THE CYBORG CHASER	W. REED	SEGURA

SUPER WIMP

Gladstone MacNeil was one of the world's losers. He didn't want to be a loser, but that's just the way things panned out. Stuck in this mind-boggling rut of mediocrity he longed to be a winner.

By sheer chance a galactic Steptoe was having trouble with his recently acquired wares and like a bolt from the blue, Gladstone MacNeil became the possessor of a suit that had literally fallen off the back of a spaceship. This was no ordinary suit, but one from an exploded planet which imbued the wearer with extraordinary powers. Now he could become a winner . . . But would you believe Gladstone's luck . . . the suit was too big.

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